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COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1891.---EIGHT PAGES.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A WARNING SENT.

Chili Informed of Harrison's Indignation.

REPARATION MUST BE MADE.

Another Warship Starts for Valparaiso—General Anger at an Insult to the National Honor—A Serious Matter.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—From a dispatch received from Captain Schley, it appears that he has made a careful investigation of the origin of the assault on our sailors attached to the Baltimore at Valparaiso on the 16th instant. The investigation shows that the sailors were cruelly murdered without cause or reason by Chilian subjects and soldiers. The Americans were at the time without arms and defenseless.

President Harrison has grown weary of Chili's dilatorial and arrogant treatment of our government and its representatives, and has determined that it must stop, and stop quickly. More than this, he has demanded satisfaction for the recent assault upon our sailors at Valparaiso, and he will have it, or Chili alone will be responsible for the consequences. This is the declaration of a Washington correspondent of a morning paper, who continues thus:

"At an early hour in the morning Captain Schley's dispatch was laid before President Harrison, and the president read it carefully several times, and his indignation increased at each reading. No special reference was made to the matter at the cabinet meeting, but at its conclusion the president held a special conference with the representatives of three branches of the government most interested. They were Secretary Tracy of the navy, John Foster of the state department, and Attorney General Miller.

"Two details of the conference are guarded with the closest secrecy, but I am assured upon the highest authority that the position it was decided our government should take is a strong and aggressive one. I also learn that President Harrison was the most outspoken advocate of this course.

"Even those present who knew him best, were surprised at the emphasis he exhibited in recalling the wrongs done to our flag, and the vehemence with which he insisted that the wrongs should be fully and promptly righted. It was in a tone of exceeding bitterness that President Harrison referred to Chili's continued hostility to us, a hostility that had culminated at least in the murder of one of our sailors, the wounding of a dozen or more, and the grave and humiliating insult of Saturday last.

"He said the time had come when we must ask the Chilian people if we are to live in dealing with them in any spirit. We have dealt with them fairly, and they have chosen to act towards us in a spirit of calculated offensiveness.

"He intended that the insult to Minister Egan, who has subjected him to serious and grave suspicion, should be made an occasion to establish Chilian relations.

"He spoke at this point by one of the cabinet officers of the high position of Chili and mentioned the fact that after the fall of Balmaceda the United States was the first government to recognize the new provisional government. So far from appreciating this act of international courtesy the junta has yet failed to recognize it through its accredited representative here, Senor Valdes Montt.

"He said he was not aware that Senor Montt was expelled from Washington. If at the time he was expelled or in any other manner indicated a desire to sever diplomatic intercourse between his country and the United States.

"The conference lasted from half-past 11 o'clock. Every phase of the situation was carefully reviewed. It was felt that the national honor demanded that we should act promptly and with strong decision. Admiral Miller, as the highest officer of the whole navy, was the best adviser on points of law. It was agreed beforehand that the president should be upon our side. There was testimonial to an insult to our flag. The men who were clubbed in the uniform of the United States, and in such support to insult of the dignity and honor of the United States.

"Although any indignity to a country of America or citizens would be resented by the government in the present temper of the country, it was felt that it was colossal upon direct instructions of the country. Under the circumstances it was felt that it would be a mistake if we were in demanding speedy reparation.

"When the conference closed a cable dispatch was sent to Admiral Brown at Southampton. It directed him at once to continue to Chilian waters, and to keep the flag of our government at the mast upon the flag of the Baltimore.

"It further directed him to demand redress, or indemnity in money, to be paid the families of the killed sailors, and to the families of such of the wounded as may die. Second, the arrest and punishment of the participants in the assault, and third, a suitable apology to the United States.

"The tone of the dispatch indicates that the administration will brook no delay in securing a settlement of the matter. Chili must do what she is expected to do and do it speedily. The situation is regarded as one of extreme gravity."

These are the identical words which a high official of the government used tonight in commenting upon it: "The only war vessel representing the United States in Chilian waters at present is the Baltimore. The San Francisco, however, is lying at Callao, where she will remain until the pending complications are settled. If needed she can sail to Valparaiso in four days. The Yorktown left New York for Valparaiso ten days ago and the Boston is to start for the same port at once."

THE BOSTON STARTS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The steel cruiser Boston sailed at noon today to re-enforce the United States squadron in Chilian waters. It has been rumored that the South Pacific was the station to which the new ship would be ordered; but not till the riots in the streets of Valparaiso did the navy department issue specific instructions.

These were received by Capt. Gilbert C. Wilkes, Wednesday. The secretary directed him to proceed to Valparaiso and report to the senior naval officer there. Valparaiso, it is thought, will be no bed of roses for a breathe. Here Captain Wilkes will report to Rear-admiral Brown, or in his absence, to Captain Schley of the Baltimore.

A SUBORDINATE ISSUE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—An official thoroughly familiar with all the facts in the discussion of the government in regard to the Valparaiso affair pointed out this morning that it was altogether or difficult in its original features from the Italian affair at New Orleans. In the latter case the men assaulted were Italians, but were practically citizens of the United States. At any rate they bore no official relation to the government of Italy.

In the Valparaiso affair, on the other hand, the men attacked were the officers of the United States navy, acting in the discharge of their official duties. The official will it is felt that such an insult is a deliberate one, for in the American service it would be regarded as a grave offense.

STATE OF THE CASE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—No full index of the state of the case between the United States and Chili could be given today, but it is known that the Chilian government has not yet made any response to the demand for a full and ample apology for the insult to our flag. It is also

THE GAZETTE.

DEALAY, OCTOBER 18.

[illegible] Falon is in the city [illegible] at home.

Revenue inspector H. E. Lawrence was in the city yesterday for a short time.

In the suit of Rouse vs. Long & Ott Rose in the county court Friday judgment was given plaintiff in the sum of $[illegible].

Mrs. H. S. Eryay and daughter, Miss Weyer, have gone to Dallas, Tex., to visit friends and attend the state fair and exposition.

Mr. Hutchinson, the Pittsburg gentleman who was so badly injured last Monday in a runaway, is improving. It has been a remarkable case.

The Rev. Mr. Evans Carrington will preach at the Weber street M. E. church, South, to-day at 11 a. m. There will be no evening service.

The United Presbyterians will use the church parlors Monday evening, and the Y. W. C. T. U. will meet there Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

At All Soul's church—Antlers pavilion—the pastor, Rev. Mr. Miller, will give to-day the second of two discourses on socialism. "The Revival We Do Want." All welcome.

There will be service in Grace church to-day at 11 a. m. The windows are now in and the furnace in operation, so it is believed that the house will be comfortable this morning.

German Lutheran services will be held in the city hall this evening, October 25, at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Meyer of Pueblo will preach. All Germans are cordially invited to attend.

[illegible] lodge, A. O. U. W., will hold a social meeting on Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock. A grand time is expected, and several noted visitors of the order are invited to be present.

Mr. F. W. Schubert, the proprietor of the [illegible] hotel at Denver, the Oxford, is in the city. The Oxford is becoming quite popular with Colorado Springs people when in Denver, and is proving a [illegible] house.

Lutheran church services on Huerfano street to-day. Rev. Dr. Howbert will preach at 11 a. m., and Rev. Swanson will preach in the Swedish language at 3 p. m. All Scandinavians are cordially invited to come and hear.

One of Mrs. A. E. Touzalin's handsome horses fell and broke its leg yesterday. It was a handsome animal, one of the best known horses in the city. The coachman was driving along [illegible] when the horse fell.

At the first Presbyterian church, corner of Nevada avenue and Bijou street, church will be held to-day at 11 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m. Rev. Rev. Livingston T. Taylor will preach morning and evening.

It is quite a noticeable fact that the [illegible] of the opera house auditorium are very much improved since the [illegible] rebuilt. Good fires and good ventilation seem to have had their effect on the gods, and the whistling, hooting and stamping have nearly ceased.

G. F. Duffield has been looking for a [illegible] for a wrought steel range that he could sell at a small price and at the same time combine all the good qualities of the best high priced ones. He has succeeded, and is now offering them at a price within the reach of all. His advertisement appears on the first page.

The series of religious meetings, conducted by Evangelists Boyer and Brown, are still in progress at the Christian church. The house is crowded with attentive listeners and there are confessions and baptisms at every meeting. Mr. Boyer will preach at 11 a. m. upon "Natural Laws and Special Providences" and at 7:30 p. m. upon "Sin and Its Cure." Come if you expect to get a seat.

"Provident home industry" is a well and [illegible] saying in every household, if men knew people realize this as their duty when they need anything in the line of furniture. Instead of sending to Denver or some other large city they should call on J. I. Franklin who has as fine an upholstering establishment as [illegible] in the country and can make anything in this line and in just as good style and finish as fine material and skilled workmanship can produce. The cut in his advertisement on first page of to-day's supplement is an illustration of his work.

The reception to Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Weatherly was given from 4 to 6 yesterday afternoon in the lecture room of the church, and the affair was highly enjoyed, and was very enjoyable. Lunch was served on handsomely decorated tables through the two hours of the occasion and elaborate decorations of evergreen, flowers and palms made the scene a pleasant one. The following ladies of the church society were present to receive: Mrs. C. H. White, Mrs. F. W. Goldford, Mrs. T. J. [illegible], Mrs. Stephen Smith, Mrs. John [illegible], Mrs. Ira Sykes, Mrs. Turnbull and Mrs. L. F. Sherman.

The county commissioners have decided to let the contracts for the new jail to the Pauly Jail company of [illegible], and a representative of the company will arrive next Monday to sign the contracts. The proposed cost of the jail will be about $35,000. The commissioners have not yet definitely decided where they will locate the jail, but it is not [illegible] from that part of the city that the property holders in Boulder Heights do not want it on the county house grounds. The commissioners are desirous of pleasing the public in so far as possible.

What promises to be a real letter [illegible] comedy event is the now rapidly approaching appearance of Davis and Keogh's famous production, "The Hustler," in the representation of which a wonderfully talented and versatile company is employed. An audience that will undoubtedly crowd the opera house will welcome and applaud the merry and mirthful Hustler next Friday evening. The play depicts the adventures and financial escapades of a witty and scheming Irishman, one "Con" McFadden, who is plainly "out for the stuff" from the rise to the fall of the curtain. John Kernell, the prince of Celtic humorists, appears as the hustling McFadden, and has [illegible] the hit of his life in the part of the Hustler. [illegible] brilliant [illegible].

The Blue Front, [illegible] sold by Mr. William Jyner to [illegible] A. B. Currie, E. E. [illegible] and Frank Pearson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Stevens, proprietors of the Alta Vista, will leave in a short time for California, where they will spend the winter.

John Lennox makes a special drive in dining room furniture on Monday.

FRISCO'S OLD LETTER CARRIER.

How Mail Was Delivered to the Early Gold Hunters.

Tim Mahoney, the first man who delivered letters in San Francisco, is still in the service in a way—that is, he is night watchman for the custom house. It already seems like ancient history to hear Tim tell of the times when he always got twenty-five cents for delivering a letter, and often a dollar, yet we know it to be true, for the Californian of the olden time who was doing even fairly well thought no more of a dollar than the average man does of a nickel, and it was a big thing then to get a letter from home.

TIM MAHONEY.

It is painful to think of the vast numbers of letters which never found owners. Every month a cart load of "blind mail," as they called it, had to be hauled to the North beach and buried. Tim did this job and it galleyed his heart. So he began to pick out letters, the addresses of which caught his fancy, and to hunt for the addressees. His eyes often now moisten when he talks of this, for he found many of them weak, suffering creatures and was made acquainted with many a tragedy and romance.

In one case a letter was addressed simply "Jack Hayes," with a request that they would find the boy "somewhere in California," and "for the sake of his poor old mother." Tim carried the letter many a day and found Jack at last dying of consumption in a very low lodging house. The letter was from a sorrowing mother to a dying son and both the man died as it was read. Tim not only forgot all about his fee, but dropped two dollars on the floor as he went out.

Sept. 1, 1849, a commission was made out empowering "Timothy Mahoney to deliver letters and other mail matter," etc., and this was the first official appointment of the kind. Even at that late day messengers watched all night for incoming ships, and when one arrived one man drove madly to the postoffice with the mail sacks, while the other round the clerks [illegible] had to lock the doors, for no matter what the hour was hundreds of men were sure to be on hand as soon as the news spread that a mail had come in. As soon as the sacks could distribute the letters the signal was given, "All right!" Then the great doors were opened and the men would rush in [illegible] the terminus of the [illegible] office in San Francisco.

A Chip of the Old Block.

There is a jeweler in this town who has a little son in the public schools who is to follow in his father's business. The other day the until [illegible] class was [illegible].

"What type of man is the slave?" inquired the teacher.

"Mission," promptly answered the boy, and then proceeded to lick the teacher because the accuracy of the statement was questioned. Detroit Free Press.

BIRTHS.

[illegible]

BUSINESS LOCALS.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[illegible]

Mrs. Cullum fashionable dress and cloak maker, 639 N. Tejon St., a perfect fit guaranteed.

ASPEN SHORT LINE RAILWAY COMPANY. [illegible] New York, Sept. 26, 1891.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Aspen Short Line Railway Company for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting, will be held at the office of the company at Colorado Springs, Colorado, at twelve o'clock noon on Monday, November 2nd, 1891.

The stock transfer books will be closed at 3 o'clock p. m. on October 30th, 1891, and will remain closed until three days after the final adjournment of said meeting.

OSCAR BUNKE, Secretary.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY.

Billiard hall, tables, fixtures, building and lot, or will sell separately.

BILLIARDS, Gazette office.

WEST SIDE GROCERY, HEDRICK & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Dealers in groceries, vegetables, fruits, meats, stationery, etc. BEST WATER WHITE COAL OIL 15 CENTS PER GALLON.

Artistic H. S. Foley & Co. "Artisto" Photos.

MINES AND MINING STOCKS. PROUDFIT & RUSSELL, ROOM 15, HAGERMAN BLOCK.

[illegible] JOHN [illegible]

[illegible] 1891.

Dr. HENRY E. HAYDEN, Dentist. Rooms 32, 33, 35 Hagerman Block.

Vanhoe Rice, agent for the Edwin C. Burt's shoes. To reduce this line we are selling them at ten per cent less than Eastern prices.

WASHBURN AND BRUNO GUITARS AND MANDOLINS.

Dobson and Lyon & Healy banjos. Strings and musical merchandise of all kinds at Hext & Willard's music store, 21 E. Kiowa St.

Geo. L. Goulding of the City Stock Yards, Denver, sends us the catalogue giving particulars of his large auction sale, on October 27th and 28th, of Colorado raised stock, carriage teams, draft horses, saddlers, etc. Also a special sale on 30th of a consignment of full blood imported Holstein cows and bulls, the property of the Attica (Ken.) Stock Farm Company. They are described as in prime condition and of extra breeding.

THOS. HUGHES, Dealer in Staple and Fancy groceries, fruit and vegetables. BEST WATER WHITE COAL OIL 15 CENTS PER GALLON.

Chicago Dyeing and Cleaning Works.

Only a few more days to get low rates East at Manson's, 10 Pike's Peak Ave. On and after October 30th, all rates will be advanced.

W. L. Davis, Used clothing, 114 N. Tejon.

Miss Vance has returned from the East, and will resume dressmaking at her former residence 311 Pike's Peak avenue.

A. D. CRAIGUE & CO., 11 N. Tejon street, wholesale and retail grocers. BEST WATER WHITE COAL OIL 15 CENTS PER GALLON.

DR. E. J. HADFIELD, northeast corner Nevada and Pike's Peak avenues.

THE CLUB COFFEE HOUSE. First class in every respect. Hot meals, [illegible] 12 to 2 o'clock. [illegible]

PASTURAGE—HILL'S RANCH. Ten miles from city. Cattle fifty cents per month, 1,000 [illegible] $1 per month. 1,000 acres. Apply to L. Hilley, Falcon, Colo.

KEMOVAL. Dawson's Music store to 517 W. Huerfano St. Pianos for sale and for rent. P. O. Box 711.

Artistic H. S. Foley & Co.'s "Artisto" Photos.

J. CARRUTHERS & SON, Corner Wahsatch and St. Vrain streets. Dealers in groceries, fruits, butter, eggs and produce. BEST WATER WHITE COAL OIL 15 CENTS PER GALLON.

Madden & Hardley, Leading Photographers.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Treasurer,
EDWIN T. HANNA.
For County Clerk,
WILLIAM J. MATHEWS.
For County Treasurer,
DANIEL W. ROBBINS.
For County Commissioner,
FRANK FINEGAN.
For County Assessor,
GEORGE W. MUSSER.
For Sheriff,
ROBERT A. MEIER.
For Superintendent of Schools,
VAN F. BOUSF.
For Surveyor,
FRANK E. BAXTER.
For Coroner,
Dr. JULIUS A. SMITH.

OPERA HOUSE.

Tuesday, Oct. 27.

"THE FARCE COMEDY UP TO DATE."

LENNON'S

KATE CASTLETON

WITH

Cogswell & Grant's Comedians

In the Musical Farce-Comedy of [illegible]

THE DAZZLER

INCLUDING—

JOS. OTT, LENA MERVILLE

And Twenty Others.

COMEDIANS 7 (?) SOUBRETTES.

Direction of GEO. W. MURRAY.

POPULAR PRICES.

Reserved Seats on sale at Midland and Santa Fe Ticket Offices, Opera House Day Office.

[illegible] With [illegible]

MRS. M. A. BISPHAM.

[illegible]

AN ATTRACTIVE LINE OF

PERFUMERY

From the Following Popular Manufacturers.

IMPORTED.

Ed. Pinaud, Johanna, Atkinson, Crown Perfumery Co., and Lantier.

DOMESTIC.

Lazell, Ricksecker, Lubin, Palmer, Lundborg, Doussans, Méllier, Seeley, Baldwin, Swinton and Imperial Crown Perfumery Co.

We carry an infinite line of Odors from these well-known houses at the lowest possible prices.

VAN PETTEN BROS.,

Hagerman Block.

W. H. McIntyre.

Fire Insurance.

Represents the following Safe, Finely Fatronized and Prompt Companies.

Companies.	Assets.
Insurance Co. of North America, of Philadelphia	$ 3,931,513
Hartford, of Hartford	6,356,616
Phoenix, of Hartford	5,621,814
Pennsylvania, of Philadelphia	3,455,710
Continental, of New York	3,557,248
Germania, of New York	3,046,615
American, of Newark, N. J.	2,115,[illegible]
Orient, of Hartford	1,[illegible]

The Best Is the Cheapest.

MONEY TO LOAN At Lowest Rates.

21, 22, 23 Hagerman Block.

WILBUR & WOLF,

We have just received direct from Paris a fine assortment of

DRESS CREPES AND CHIFFONS.

Goods Confined to us, and no Duplicate Patterns.

Call and see them.

Wilbur & Wolf,

22 South Tejon Street.

For Ten Days Only!

ROAD CARTS $10.

E. F. WELLES & CO.

Carriages, Harness and Horse Goods.

OUR SALE!

We will open Monday morning our second invoice of

BEDFORD CORDS!

In new and choice shades.

Bedford Cords with Camel's Hair effects, a new and beautiful Dress Fabric.

A large assortment of Novelty Dress Goods.

Ladies' and Misses' Jackets at Low Prices.

GIDDINGS BROS. & BENT

21 South Tejon Street.

Edward Ferris.

104 Pike's Peak Avenue.

FOR SALE.

I offer choice Business Properties.

I offer choice Residence Properties in all parts of the City.

I offer choice Unimproved Properties,

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST,

Among which are many desirable Bargains. Anyone wishing to invest should not fail to give me a call.

SPECIAL TIES.

Best Corner on Cascade avenue, 100x190 feet, pays 7 per cent. Will sell in the near future at 50 per cent. profit.

New 8 and 10 room modern houses, all conveniences; literally at less than cost. Come and buy while business is dull, prices will surely advance soon.

Money to Loan.

I have now, and will have in the next 30 days $50,000 to loan in sums of from $500 to $5,000 at reasonable rates.

Houses For Rent Furnished and Unfurnished.

Apply to

EDWARD FERRIS,

104 Pike's Peak Avenue.

McMahon & Moffatt,

Tailors of the very first water. Prices that are a marvel of cheapness when the quality of the goods is considered.

Call and see us at 17 N. Tejon, Opposite Opera House.

Removal Sale

Commencing Monday, Oct. 5.

ALL GOODS

at 20 to 40 per cent. Discount.

100 24x30 Oil Paintings with 4-inch Gilt Frame 96c.

The De La Vergne Furniture Co.,

125 to 129 So. Tejon St.

Johnson's Dry Goods and Carpets!

Special Values This Week in

Bed Blankets,

Cashmere and Wool Hosiery,

Knit Underwear.

N. O. JOHNSON,

22 and 24 Pike's Peak Ave.

R. E. PERKINS.

Flour, Feed, Hay and Grain.

Best in the City.

Prompt Delivery.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

14 East Huerfano Street.

SINTON BROS' DAIRY

Fresh Milk, Cream,

Skim Milk and Buttermilk

Delivered daily in Colorado Springs, Colorado City and Manitou. Orders by postal card will receive prompt attention.

TRI-CITY STAMP WORKS.

Manufacturers of

RUBBER STAMPS

Seals, Stencils, Steel Stamps, Badges, Checks, etc.

Prices guaranteed as low as the lowest.

108 N. TEJON ST.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

GODFREY KISSEL,

No. 104 Pike's Peak Ave.

FOR SALE.

30x190 lot on North Nevada avenue.

Beautiful corner lot, 100x190, facing south on Cascade avenue; very cheap.

Corner lot on Cascade avenue, West Kiowa street; Cascade avenue, stream furnace, collar and all modern improvements.

Eleven room house on West Bijou street, open fire places, bath, etc.

30x100 lot with small cottage on North Nevada avenue.

Lot 50x190 on North Tejon street in Edward's Addition; cheap.

New cottage on East Cache la Poudre street.

Cottage of eight rooms, hard wood finish, furnace, and all modern improvements, stable, etc., on North Tejon street, near college location.

Houses of ten rooms on East Huerfano street.

Furnished house on North Weber street; very cheap.

Large list of Properties in Colorado and unimproved, which I should be pleased to show to purchasers.

MONEY TO LOAN.

'THE BAZAAR.'

Special Sale on Books.

Carlyle's Holy Land,
Napoleon and his Marshals,
History of Rome,
Alphabet of Letters,
Shakespeare, complete,
Hogarth's Works,
England, Illustrated,
Gibbon's Rome Empire.

Star Letter Files, 50c. Special price by the dozen.

A. M. SWAIN,

Opposite Antlers.

CHINA JIM,

IMPORTER OF

Chinese and Japanese Fancy Goods!

CURIOUS BOXES AND TEA SETS, etc.

114 PIKE'S PEAK AVE.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE.

All my stock of goods will be offered for sale at cost. They include Chinese and Japanese curiosities, fine China, China silk and embroidery, such and Japanese wire work.

All are cordially invited to call and examine my fine stock of goods.

TANG HING & CO.,

126 E. Pike's Peak Ave.

E. F. McCLOSKEY, Cor. 17 and Pike's HOUSE. Cor. Cascade Ave. and Huerfano St.

Best Butter IN THE CITY FOR THE MONEY.

[illegible]

MATT CONWAY,

No. 19 East Pike's Peak Avenue

LAMPS.

I have on hand a large variety of the famous

ROCHESTER LAMPS

which I am offering at very reasonable prices.

Call and get prices.

A. MATTHEWS,

26 North Tejon Street.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

HUGHES.

110 Pike's Peak Ave., Midland Blk.

The only Fancy Grocer in the city that makes a specialty of fine

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Armour's Star Special

Hams and Breakfast Bacons.

Thornton's Celebrated

O. T. BUTTER.

Also

B. S. BUTTER.

Will call for Orders when Requested.

TELEPHONE 82.

LOUIS LANGBEHN

Manufacturing Jeweler.

New well-selected Stock. All Orders attended to promptly and satisfactorily.

130 E. Pike's Peak Ave.,

East of Elk Hotel.

No. 9 E. Pike St. | MATTHEW KINNILIY | No. 9 E. Pike St.

Real Estate! Insurance!

FOR RENT—UNFURNISHED.

House of 10 large rooms and bath, good closets, etc.; also stable and carriage house; corner 16th, south and east front; $60.

8 room house, E. Cimarron St., $15.

6 room house, East Pike's Peak avenue, corner lot 100x190 and barn, $25.

3 room house in good condition on Cheyenne avenue, $20.

10 room house on Cascade avenue; for an excellent locality for a boarding house.

Five room cottage, Nevada avenue, near Kiowa street, only $22.

Offices—Rooms in Midland Block.

Business—A first class mercantile business; good location; good trade; is established.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED.

Very desirable 7 room house, Bijou St. The house is very convenient and desirable in first class condition.

Desirable 7 room cottage with bath connection; stable and carriage house; Platte avenue, fronting on the park.

House 6 rooms and bath, 11 North Weber; fully furnished; including piano; only $25.

Very desirable house, 7 rooms and bath, Weber street; completely furnished, [illegible] throughout.

Dwelling room house, North Nevada avenue; desirable location.

Very desirable 9 room house with bath; stone hearth, gas and every modern improvement; completely furnished; also barn and carriage house. Owner wishes to go east for six months and will rent at low figure.

Very desirable 8 room house, with bath, electric lights, open fires, steam heat and every modern convenience; and elegantly furnished throughout. Located on Cache la Poudre St. near car line.

Make Your Money Earn Money!

We offer a full lot, big trees in front of it, on Colorado avenue, for $750 and will take $250 as first payment. Your money will earn money if you put it in this.

Corner lot on Colorado avenue for $950. The cheapest corner on that avenue.

Full lot on Tejon street for $1100 on $25 payments.

Three pieces of choice acreage cheap.

MATTHEW KINNILIY,

The Pioneer Installment Real Estate Dealers.

28 South Tejon Street. *Office open until 8 p. m.*

FRANK DUTTON & CO.

19 North Tejon Street.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!!

IN order to get the SHOPPING PUBLIC of Colorado Springs and to our store and to introduce our stock we take a new way of Advertising.

Each week we shall take TWO articles and sell them at a very low price. The quantity will not be limited and we feel sure our customers will appreciate this opportunity to purchase staple articles at a very low figure.

At the end of the sale the goods will be marked at our regular prices which even then, are much lower than elsewhere.

Special for this Week only:

1. Carter's Little Liver Pills 12½c
2. Allcock's Porous Plasters 12½c

THE BEST FLANNELETTE MADE.

ALL NEW!

AT

PERKINS & HOLBROOK,

Bank Block.

J. H. MACMILLAN,

Dealer in Mines and Mining Stocks.

Refer to H. P. Overmeyer & Co., Aspen, First National Bank, of Aspen.

P. O. Box 153, Aspen, Colo.

ASPEN CALL STOCK LIST.

Mollie Gibson,	Park, Nevada and Queen,
Argentum and Juniata,	St. Joe and Tinnimal Farm Con.
Bushwhacker,	Aspen Mining & Smelting Co.
Little Annie,	Pontiac,
Best Friend,	Delta S.

"Please the Eye and Ear AND You will win the HEART."

WE WISH YOU WOULD CALL

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Our stock is complete with all the latest and correct styles in every line and our prices are the lowest.

OUR MOTTO. One Price and Value for Your Money.

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Of Every Description.

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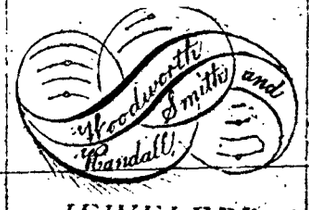

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29 N. Tejon St. Hagerman Block.

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Large Invoice of Solid Silver IN CASES.

Solid Gold, Solid Silver and Plated Goods OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The Largest Store and Largest Stock of JEWELRY in the city.

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NEXT MONDAY October 26th

I Will Offer

Dining Room Sets

FOR

$29.00 EACH!

Consisting of

1 Ant. Pillar Extension Table, with rub top, sold regularly for	$18
1 Ant. Genuine Oak Sideboard, sold regularly for	30
6 high-back, brace arm, genuine oak Chairs, with rub finish, regular price	12
All for	$41
Your gain	29
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CALL EARLY AT

114 and 116 Pike's Peak Ave.

JOHN LENNOX.

AUCTION SALE!

Of Household Furniture. The entire Furniture and Furnishings of the

NEVADA HOUSE

115 South Nevada avenue, at 10 o'clock a. m. Continued to Tuesday, Oct. 27th, 1891.

SHIDELER & PROCTOR, Auctioneers.

The annual meeting of stockholders of the Financial Improvement Company for the election of directors and such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of The Colorado Springs Company at Colorado Springs, Colorado, on the 2nd day of November 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

F. H. DAVIS, Secretary.

Colorado Springs, October 21, 1891.

The annual meeting of stockholders of the Lone Star Land Company for the election of directors and such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Colorado Springs Company, at Colorado Springs, Colorado, on the 2nd day of November 1891, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

F. H. DAVIS, Secretary.

Colorado Springs, October 21, 1891.

NewspaperARCHIVE.com

THE SOUTH SEAS.

STEVENSON'S LETTER FROM A LEISURELY TRAVELER.

More About the Depot of Apemama. A Royal Inspection. How the King Built a Town for Stevenson. Constructing a City in a Day. Waited by a Taboo.

(Copyright 1891, by S. S. McClure.)

The first sight of Tembinok' was a matter of concern, almost alarm, to my whole party. We had a fame to sook, we approached in the proper courtly attitude of a suitor, and must either please him or fail in the main purpose of our voyage. It was our wish to land and live in Apemama, and see more near, at hand the odd character of the man and the odd, or rather ancient, condition of his island. In all other isles of the South Seas a white man may land with his chest and set up house for a lifetime, if he choose, and have the money of the trade; no hindrance is conceivable. But Apemama is a close island, lying there in the sea with closed doors, the king himself, like a vigilant officer, ready at the wicket to scrutinize and reject intrenching visitors. Hence the attraction of our enterprise, not merely because it was a little difficult, but because this social quarantine, a curiosity in itself, has been the preservative of others.

Tembinok', like most tyrants, is a conservative; like many conservatives he eagerly welcomes new ideas, and, except in the field of politics, leans to practical reform. When the missionaries came, professing a knowledge of the truth, he readily received them, attended their worship, acquired the accomplishment of public prayer and made himself a student at their feet. It is thus—it is by the cultivation of similar passing chances that he has learned to read, to write, to cipher, and to speak the queer, personal English, so different from ordinary "Beach de Mar," so much more obscure, expressive and condensed. His education attended to, he found time to become critical of the new inmates. Like Nakaia of Makin he is an admirer of silence in the island, broods over it like a great cat, has spies, who report daily, and had rather his subjects sing than talk. The service, and in particular the sermon, came thus sure to become eyesores. "Here, in my island I 'peak," he have observed to me. "My chiefs no 'peak—do what I talk." He looked at the missionary, and what did he see? "See Konna he 'peak in a bur 'gutch!" he cried, with a strong ring of scorn in it. Yet he endured the subversive spectacle, and might even have continued to endure it had not a fresh point arisen. He took again to employ his own figure, and the K[illegible] was no longer spoken of. He was doing worse; he was building a copra house. The king [illegible] in his chief interests; revenue and [illegible] were threatened. He [illegible] besides (and some think with him) that trade is incompatible with the [illegible] claims. Tuppoti sincerely think "good man"; very good. Tuppoti he think coorn, no good. I send him away, ship." Such was his abrupt history of the evangelist in Apemama.

Similar importations we continue. "I send high away ship," is the sum of not a few, his majesty paying the exile's fare to the next place of call. For instance, being passionately fond of European food, he has several times added to his household a white cook, and one after another them have been deported. They on their side swear they were not paid their wages; he, on his, that they robbed and swindled him beyond endurance; both perhaps justly. A more important case was that of an agent, despatched (as I have heard the story) by a firm of merchants to worm his way into the king's good graces, become, if possible, premier, and handle the copra in the interest of his employers. He obtained authority to land, practiced his fascinations, was patiently listened to by Tembinok, supposed himself on the highway to success and behold! when the next ship touched at Apemama the premier was flung into a boat, had on board his fare paid, and so good-by. But it is needless to multiply examples; the proof of the pudding is the eating of it. When we came to Apemama, of so many white men who have scrambled for a place in that rich market one remained—a silent, sober, solitary, niggardly recluse, of whom the king remarks: "I think he good; he no 'peak."

I was warned at the outset we might very well fail in our design; yet never dreamed of what proved to be the fact, that we should be left four and twenty hours in suspense and come within an ace of ultimate rejection. Captain Reed had primed himself; no sooner was the king on board and the Henuetti question amicably settled, than he proceeded to express my request and give an abstract of my claims and virtues. The gammon about Queen Victoria's son might do for Butaritari; it was out of the question here, and I now figured as "one of the Old Men of England," a person of deep knowledge, come expressly to visit Tembinok's dominion and eager to report upon it to the no less eager Queen Victoria.

The king made no shadow of an answer and presently began upon a different subject. We might have thought he had not heard or not understood, only that we found ourselves the subject of a constant study. As we sat at meals he took us in series and fixed upon each, for near a minute at a time, the same hard and thoughtful stare.

As he thus looked he seemed to forget himself, the subject, and the company, and to be become absorbed in the process of his thought; the look was wholly impersonal. I have seen the same in the eyes of portrait painters. The counts [illegible] which writers have been deported are mainly four: 'Cheating Tembinok'; meddling overmuch with copra, which is the source of his wealth and one of the sources of his power; 'peaking, and political intrigue. I felt guiltier upon all; but how to show it—I would not have taken copra as a gift—how to express that quality by dinner-table bearing? The rest of the party shared my innocence and my embarrassment. They shared also in my mortification when, after two whole meal times, and the odd moments of an afternoon devoted to this exercise, Tembinok' took his leave in silence. Next morning the same undisguised study, the same silence, was resumed, and the second day had come to its maturity before I was informed abruptly that I had stood the ordeal. "I look your eye. You good man. You no lie," said the king; a doubtful compliment to a writer of romances. Later he explained he did not quite judge by the eye only, but the mouth as well. "Tuppoti, I see 'man,' he explained. "'I no tavvy good man, bad man. I look eye, look mouth," he repeated. And, indeed, in one case the mouth had the most to do with it, and it was by our talk that we gained admission to the island, the king promising himself (and I believe really amassing) a vast amount of useful knowledge ere we left.

The terms of our admission were as follows: We were to choose a site, and the king should there build us a town. His people should work for us, but the king only was to give them orders. One of his cooks should come daily to help mine and to learn of him. In case our stores ran out he would supply us and be repaid on the return of the Equator. On the other hand, he was to come to meals with us when so inclined; when he stayed at home a dish was to be sent him from our table; and I solemnly engaged to give his subjects no liquor or money (both of which they are forbidden to possess), and no tobacco, which they were to receive only from the royal hand. I think I remember to have protested against the stringency of this last article; at least it was relaxed, and when a man worked for me I was allowed to give him a pipe of tobacco on the spot himself, but none to take away.

VIEW OF EQUATOR TOWN.

The site of Equator town—we named our city for the schooner—was soon chosen. The immediate shores of the lagoon are windy and blinding; Tembinok' himself is glad to grope blue spectacled on his terrace; and so find the neighborhood of the Ad conjunction, the mettering eyeball, and the beard who pursued and overtaken the paying foreigner for eyeweek. Behind the town the country is diversified; here open, sody, uneven, and dotted with dwarfish palms; here cut up with long trenches, deep and shallow, according to the growth of the plants, presenting now the appearance of a sandy lane, now of an alleyed and green garden. A path led toward the sea, mounting abruptly to the main level of the island—twenty, or even thirty feet, although Findlay gives five; and just by the top of the rise, where the ocean palms begin to be well grown, we found a grove of pandanus and a piece of well protected with green underbrush. A well was not far off under a rustic well house; nearer still, in a sandy cup of the land, a pond where we might wash our clothes. The place was out of the wind, out of the sun, and out of sight of the village. It was shown to the king, and the town pronounced for the morrow.

The morrow came; Mr. Strong and Mr. Osbourne landed, found nothing done, and carried their complaint to Tembinok'. He heard them, rose, called for a Winchester, stepped without the royal palisade, and fired two shots in the air. A shot in the air is the first Apemama warning; it has the force of proclamation in more formidable countries, and his majesty remarked agreeably that it would make his labourers "tink bright." In half an hour thirty minutes, accordingly, the men had mustered, the work was begun, and we were told that as might bring our baggage when we pleased.

It was two in the afternoon ere the final boat was launched, and the long procession of chests and crates and packs began to struggle through the sandy desert toward Equator town. The grove of pandanus was practically a thing of the past. Fire surrounded and smoke rose in the green underbrush. In a wide circuit the axes were still crashing. Those very advantages for which the place was chosen, it had been the king's first idea to abolish; and in the midst of this devastation there stood already a good-sized monisip and a small, closed house. A mat was spread neat by for Tembinok'; here he sat superintending, in cardinal red, a pith helmet on his head, a meerschaum in his mouth, a wife stretched at his back with custody of the matches and tobacco. Twenty or thirty feet in front of him the bulk of the workers squatted on the ground; some of the bush here survived, and in this the commons sat nearly to their shoulders, and presented only an arc of brown faces, black heads, and attentive eyes fixed on his majesty. Long pauses reigned, during which the subjects stared and the king smoked. Then Tembinok' would raise his voice and speak shrilly and briefly. There was never a surplus in words, but if the speech were jesting, there came by way of answer discreet, obsequious laughter, such laughter as we hear in schoolrooms and, if it were practical, the audience, obliged us with a further miracle, a mystic rampart fencing us, so that the path which ran by our doors became suddenly impassable—the inhabitants who had business across the isle must fetch a wide circuit, and we sat in the midst in a transparent privacy, seeing, seen, but unapproachable, like bees in a glass hive. The outward and visible sign of this glamour was no more than a few ragged cocoa-leaf garlands round the stems of the outlying palms; but its significance resound—on the tremendous assertion of the taboo and the guns of Tembinok'.

KING TEMBINOK DINING WITH THE STEVENSON PARTY.

We made our first meal that night in the improvised city, where we were to stay two months, and which—so soon as we had done with it—was to vanish in a day as it appeared, its elements returning whence they came, the taboo raised, the traffic on the path resumed, the sun and the moon peering in rain between the palm trees for the bygone work, the wind blowing over an empty site. Yet the place, which is now only an episode in some memories, seemed to have been built and to be destined to endure for years. It was a busy hamlet. One of the mornings we made our dining room, one the kitchen. The houses were reserved for sleeping. They were on the admirable Apemama plan, out and away the best house in the South Seas, standing some three feet above the ground on posts; the sides of woven flags, which can be raised to admit light and air, or lowered to shut out the wind and the rain; airy, healthy, clean, and watertight. We had a hen of a remarkable kind, almost unique in my experience—being a hen that occasionally laid eggs. Not far off Mrs. Stevenson tended a garden of salad and shalots. The salad was devoured by the hen—which was her bane. The shalots were served a leaf at a time and welcomed and relished like peaches. Toddy and green cocoanuts were brought us daily. We once had a present of fish from the king, and once of a turtle. Sometimes we shot so-called plover along the shore, sometimes wild chickens in the bush. The rest of our diet was from tins.

Our occupations were various—all varying. Mr. Osbourne and I hammered away at a novel; Mr. Strong would be away sketching. We read Gibbon and Carlile aloud, we blew on flageolets, we strummed on guitars, we took photographs by the light of the sun, the moon, and detonating powder; sometimes employed cards. Pothunting engaged a part of our leisure. I have myself passed afternoons in the exciting but innocuous pursuit of winged animals with a revolver, and it was fortunate there were better shots of the party, and fortunate the king could lend us a more suitable weapon in the form of an excellent fowling piece, or our spare diet would have been sparer still.

Night was the time to see our city, after the moon was up, after the lamps were lighted, and so long as the fire sparkled in the cook house. We suffered from a plague of flies and mosquitoes, comparable to that of Egypt; our dinner table (sent, like all our furniture by the king) must be enclosed in a tent of netting, our citadel and refuge; and this became all luminous, and bulged and beaconed under the eaves, like the globe of some monstrous lamp under the margin of its shade. Our cabins, the sides being propped at a variety of inclinations, sallied out strange, angular patterns of brightness. In this roofed and open kitchen Ah Foo was to be seen by lamp and firelight, dabbling among pots. Over all there fell in the season an extraordinary splendor of mellow moonshine. The sand sparkled up with the dust of diamonds; the stars had vanished. At intervals the dusky night birds shot and hawked [illegible] in the moonlight of the [illegible] moon and uttered a [illegible] cry.

THE RUSSIAN CZAR.

ALEXANDER THE THIRD CHARACTERISTIC OF HIS RACE.

Personal Characteristics of the Present Emperor At the Country Seat of Gatchina. His Married Life a Happy One. An Incident in the Danish Court.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 2. Whoever has seen the czar will have at once recognized in him the full blooded Russian, his face and figure betraying it at the first glance. He has a black, full beard, thick lips, a large, broad nose and peculiarly shaped eyes with a stern and yet a kind and melancholy look, under extremely low brows. He reached his 46th year last March and is tall, stout and healthy looking. Though his social abilities may be less brilliant and his boldness and activity of intellect less prominent than those of his predecessors, yet none of them possessed more competence and moral worth.

His favorite resort is the castle of Gatchina, situated on a vast desolate plain near St. Petersburg. But this very solitude renders it the more desirable as a residence, for the approach of undesirable persons can be easier avoided.

The road leading to the imperial castle of Gatchina is closely watched and closed to all other traffic. The park surrounding the palace is enclosed by a high wall, which is under the constant surveillance of a patrol guard. An entrance into the castle is impossible without a special permit, and the whole is under the supervision of the chief of the imperial police guard. Gatchina is in consequence considered so completely cut off from the rest of the world that the imperial family can reside there without fear.

The castle is a simple mansion, of oblong shape, with a tower at every corner, and is three stories high. The facades, with columns of Finland marble, are in connection with the castle, and offer an agreeable retreat and promenade in bad weather. The inner apartments cannot boast of any particular architectural beauty, but are adorned with valuable pictures and statues which, by order of the emperor, were brought from the Hermitage museum in St. Petersburg, and from his winter palace and Anitchkow palace. The view is limited by the park and forest attached to it, but as much as human power could do to render it diverse and picturesque has been accomplished by the famous landscape gardeners of St. Petersburg, with rare skill and taste. All this produces such an effect of comfort and safety within the walls that one hardly remembers the dreary surrounding country, and the strict, almost painful surveillance.

The czar and his family enjoy all the conveniences and pleasures which a country seat can offer, such as driving excursions, hunting, skiing, boating, salt sea and private theatricals. The forest connected with the well-tended park contains two large ponds resembling lakes, on which the emperor and his suite row in summer and spring and skate in winter.

Although it is generally a difficult thing for the average person to get a glance into the Russian emperor's private life, it has been a very happy one. The czar, whom the public consider severe and firm, is a most loving husband and careful father, and is never so happy as when among his own family. His wife, the Danish princess Dagmar, sister of the King of Greece and sister-in-law of the Prince of Wales, who was brought up on the strictest principles, is a wise and amiable woman, and there is no doubt that, even in the first years of their marriage, she exercised a favorable influence over the emperor, who, true to the Russian national character, is somewhat inclined to melancholy. And this influence is still as strong as ever. The princess, though bred in very simple circumstances, and suddenly raised to the brilliant position of a powerful empress, succeeded in frustrating all manifest intrigues from her place, which have always played such a prominent part in Russian history. She has refused all connection with politics but, by the simple magic of her graceful person and winning charm of manner, she has gained the sympathy of the whole Russian nation, of young and old, rich and poor alike. She is the mother of five children, three boys and two girls. The crown prince Nicolai Alexandrovitch has a perfect likeness to his mother.

Very often the imperial family undertake driving excursions to the neighboring castle of pleasure, or to St. Petersburg, and by wish of the czar a large escort is avoided on such occasions. The emperor dislikes to be accompanied by the police in his travels, yet the authorities are very careful to suppress any possible disturbance. In winter, about New Years, the residence in St. Petersburg is made use of. But the emperor has no love for this large Winter palace, which seems quite natural when one considers the sad events that took place in this colossal building.

For a few weeks at the end of summer the imperial family adjourns to Peterhof, surrounded by pleasant forests and situated on the beautiful Bay of Finland. At this time of the year the large manoeuvers of troops at Krasnoje Selo, where about 40,000 soldiers are assembled yearly, and the large naval manoeuvres on the Bay of Finland take place, for which the emperor has a great partiality. Alexander III. has always followed the naval development with great interest, and even when crown prince, he filled a high position in the fleet. To the present day, he sometimes dons the uniform of a Russian naval officer.

Once a year regularly the emperor and empress, with the crown prince, make a short trip to his castle Livadia in the Crimea. Sometimes he visits his shooting box, Skiernievice, in Poland, and enjoys excellent hunting there, taking with him his famous pack of hounds from the dog training establishment at Gatchina.

Every other year they visit the king of Denmark, and make their headquarters at the castle of Fredensborg, where there is generally an assemblage of the czar's children and grandchildren, making the old castle, so romantically situated on the Lake of Furesen, resound with their youthful voices.

The czar feels especially comfortable at this little summer residence. The great ruler of Russia, who has numerous splendid palaces and every convenience at his command, delights in the simple country life. He has to be contented with two rooms, so modestly furnished that last year he was obliged to use an old table of the Danish crown prince as his writing desk, and his sole attendants are an adjutant and two chamberlains. But then he can cast off all the fetters that bind him at home, which are caused partly by the court ceremonies and stiff etiquette and partly by his constant fear for the safety of his life. He can breathe the air of freedom for a short time and feel himself a man among men. Their colony in Denmark is restricted to few weeks, but as it is always prolonged, it shows how agreeable the czar finds his stay at Fredensborg.

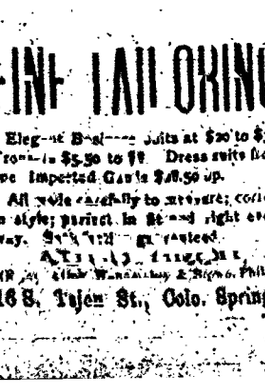
Alexander III. is a passionate hunter, and also a great admirer of natural beauties, in which the idyllic Fredensborg is so rich, surrounded by lovely meadow land, powerful old forests and beech trees—a beautiful view. From early morning till late at night the czar roams about alone or accompanied by his brother-in-law in the Grib forest, not to catch a hare or a snipe, but to enjoy the loveliness of nature. The rows about on the lake of Fuesen, not in quest of sport, but to amuse himself to an agreeable [illegible] which he cannot have in his own castles. And if, in the course of his extensive walks, he is suddenly overcome with hunger or thirst, he turns into the little cottage of some peasant or woodcutter and takes a glass of milk with a piece of black bread. Thus strengthened he begins his tramp again. It is only afterwards that the peasant finds out who his guest has been.

They say that Emperor Alexander was the first to introduce a free and easy manner into the Fredensborg household. The children occupied a great deal of his attention and it sometimes happened that after filling a carriage with the little princes and princesses he concluded by swinging himself up on the box and taking the reins. Off they went amid great rejoicing and laughter.

One day—says the court chronicle—King Christian was sitting in his room, occupied with some important task, when suddenly he heard a loud noise in the adjoining room. The king rose and opening the door, said: "You must keep quiet or I cannot write a word! What is the matter?"

"We are beating him!" they cried in chorus. And when the king looked to see whom the children were belaboring, he found the emperor of Russia lying on his back on the floor, defending himself with a self-contented, placid smile against a whole troop of little princes.

The people see very few of the amiable traits of their stern and silent emperor in his public life, but that little serves to show what amiability and depth of feeling can be hidden in the heart of the relentless czar!



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For Sale by Van Petten Bros., Druggist.

FINE TAILORING

Elegant Business Suits at $20 to $30. Trousers $5.50 to $9. Dress suits from five. Imported Garments $40.50 up.

All work carefully to measure; correct in style; perfect in fit and right every way. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM contains no opium, morphine, nor any deleterious drug. It soothes and heals the Membranes of the Lungs, inflamed and poisoned by disease, and protects night sweats and tightness across the chest. It is pleasant to the taste. Be sure and ask for DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM and take no other.

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WM. S. JACKSON, Cashier.

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DIRECTORS:

W. S. Jackson, C. H. Warren, J. H. Barrow, [illegible]

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Proposals for the erection and completion of a High School Building will be received by the undersigned at his office in the Exchange Block, until 12 m. of the second day of November, 1891. Drawings will be ready for the several branches of the work as set forth in the specifications, and for the whole work complete, excepting the plumbing. Drawings and specifications will be open at all and after this date, at the office of the secretary of the board, and at the office of Lee & Heal, architects, at Jacobson block, Denver, Colo. Right reserved by the Board to reject any or all bids.

W. R. BURNES, Secretary Board of Education, School District No. 11, El Paso county, Colorado.

October 8, 1891.

[illegible]

Colorado Springs, October 11, 1891.

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To make room for two cars of

NEW GOODS.

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Fine Buggies, Carriages and Stoddard Spring Wagons.

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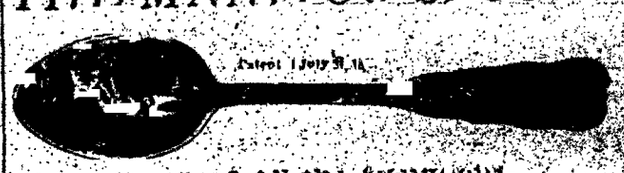

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A GREAT CITY.

IT IS NOT A CHEAP PLACE TO LIVE IN

(Comparison of the Cost of the Necessities of Life with Some of the Large Cities of the States The Servant Problem Co-operative Stores

LONDON, Oct. 9. This world's metropolis is far from being a cheap place to live in. It is impossible for a family of modest means to live in a very modest way upon less than £8 per week for household expenses alone. And this means living in a flat, keeping one servant and indulging in no luxuries. It does not allow for wine malt liquors nor B and S or S S and S which stand for brandy and soda, or special Scotch and soda.

First take the item of fuel. The best and most economical coal costs from £2 to £2 8s per ton. A compact flat for a family of three persons will require stoves besides the kitchen range, six months in the year and during three months more at least three fires. All the houses and especially the mansions, as apartment houses are called, are wretchedly built. The windows and doors are all drafty. There are square miles upon square miles of houses in London which, in construction are inferior in every respect. And these are not modern contract work only. Take, for instance, the Portman estate, about Portman square. Ride about it and you will wonder how the houses have stood for over 100 years. If you will stand in the middle of one of the great square drawing rooms, decorated by the famous Adams, and rise on your toes and come down solidly on your heels, you will think the house is coming down on your head.

But to return to housekeeping expenses: Rump steak costs 30 cents a pound. But then the best porterhouse is only 26 to 28 cents—the English butcher considerably charging you less for meat with bone than for meat with muscle. The beef is usually from Eastman's limited, the range article slaughtered in Chicago or New York. English mutton is fine very much better than in the United States, but you pay a round price for it in London. Chops, if cut and trimmed, are six pence each and small ones at that. If you buy a rib piece, and have your cook cut your chops for you, you pay a shilling a pound. Ham and bacon are excellent. For the best Yorkshire hams you will have to pay one and six per pound. Very good breakfast bacon costs thirteen to fourteen pence per pound. Green vegetables are sold by the pound, except cabbage and kale. Green peas begin at six pence per pound and go to tuppenny, and then back to six pence. String beans follow the same course. Irish potatoes are always very good, but never cheap never less than a ha'penny a pound, and usually a penny.

Bakers' bread is never good and always dear. Even French bakers the real ones do not appear to be able to make good bread here. Fruit sells by the pound, and is never less than tuppence. Strawberries, which are delicious—far sweeter than ours, never get below eight cents per pound. Bartlett pears will seldom for a shilling at the height of the season, and the Williams for sixty-two cents for six. Melons come from Spain and for the variety resembling in flavor our watermelons, you pay from six pence to one shilling each.

In the grocery line just two things are cheap tea and salt. Sugar is five cents per pound and not sweet. It requires about one-fifth to one-quarter more of beet-root sugar to sweeten with than of cane sugar.

All tinned goods are expensive. If you ask for a can of tomatoes, or a can of peaches, the shopkeeper does not understand you. Jellies and jams are a shade cheaper than in New York.

To secure good servants you have to pay good wages. A good cook—that is, a plain English female cook can get from £30 to £40 a year and found, which means you must supply aprons and a suit of liver each day, have all her laundering done and give her from ten days to a fortnight off in the summer. But you must keep a kitchen maid for her, as she will do nothing but cook. If you live in a flat and can't afford more than one servant, you can get one for two shillings a day and not a penny less. She will be a capital servant and take quite as much interest in protecting you against the tradesmen as if she were spending her own money, but she is likely on bank holidays to go on an "outing" and come back drunk. But there are only three bank holidays a year!

If there is such a thing as an honest English tradesmen he ought to be caught and labeled "An honest tradesman the noblest work of God in England." It is absolutely necessary to have a pair of scales and weigh everything that comes into your kitchen larder. If your wife does the marketing, she must "bamper" everything, because from a penny to tuppence a pound more is asked for many things than they are really selling for. It is the same way in all small shops, go where you will in this great city. There are large establishments where, of course, such a thing is not possible.

In patronizing retailers the only security you have is to go to the great shops like that of William Whitely, "Universal Provider," who will supply you with everything from furnishing your house complete to providing your servants, and photographing the whole outfit. William Whitely "Universal Provider" is one of the institutions of London. If he doesn't get what you want on hand he will get it for you and be content with a small commission.

Of course, there are the army and navy stores the junior army and navy stores the civil service stores, and all sorts of stores on the so-called co-operative or distribution-of-profits plan. You can without the least trouble get the use of a friend's ticket, and save something if you live within reasonable distance of the stores.

If you live in the suburbs of London you can save your rent, but it will cost you a shilling a day to ride into town, as far as from Harlem to Battery Place. The underground fares are outrageously high for long distance riding but cheap for short ones. An omnibus ride inside four miles is six cents, and the route is so divided that nine tenths of the passengers pay four cents for their ride. On omnibus lines you can ride fairly cheap long distances and outrageously high for short rides on most of the routes. From Charing Cross to the Bank is a penny which is cheap.

The restaurants and eating houses, for lunching purposes, in "the city," i. e., round about the bank, are, as a rule, good and cheap. For all the roast beef from hot joints you can eat with bread, potatoes and cabbage cheese and a pint of ale you pay two and sixpence about sixty two cents. But the pretentious swell restaurants with two exceptions, the Café Royal and Bennett both on Regent street, are awfully bad—like big hotels, especially those patronized by Americans, like the Metropole Victoria and the Grand, on Northumberland avenue, are expensive. Brown's, a quiet English hotel is very good and comparatively cheap. So are Simmonds, Edwards and a score of others at which you pay for what you get and usually get the worth of your money.

The practice of all the hotel keepers charging eighteen pence a day for attendance, in addition to the price of rooms is a "steal" which originated some years ago when it was announced that "fees" and tips to the waiters and servants were abolished. But woe to the traveler who neglects to fee and tip everybody from head porter to boots, and to the Bonifaces get one and six per day from each guest on false pretences.

If the wayfarer or sojourner in this "mighty gathering of Cosmopolites" takes apartments in the neighborhood of Regent street he will pay three and a half guineas per week for a parlor or bed room, which includes attendance and breakfast, if he is a "permanency" for a month. If a bachelor and you can afford chambers, you will have to pay from £80 ($400) a year for a sitting room, bedroom, bath and sleeping room, which you must furnish yourself, or from three to six guineas per week for furnished chambers.

Furnished houses and flats are by the week monthly in advance, and range from two to thirty guineas per week. Those at two guineas are in unfashionable back streets, in the suburbs, very poorly furnished, and you must supply linen, cutlery and plate which you can hire at reasonable rates.

If you try boarding houses or so called private hotels, you will wish you had not. The British boarding house mistress "doubled discounts" the American genius for extortion and skimping. The universal practice of boarding house people, of landlords, estate agents, is to insist upon, and exact, if they can, guineas. It is so many guineas per week, term or year. By insisting upon payment in a coin which does not exist outside of museums and coin collector's cabinets, they hope to get 21 shillings instead of 20. It is also a practice of the small shopkeepers and trades people to ask for guineas instead of pounds. As a rule, if you insist upon giving only a pound you will get the article you need at that price.

When we remember that in greater London i. e.—including all the suburbs, there are nearly 6,000,000 people to be housed and fed, we cease to wonder that living prices are comparatively great. Excepting bacon, but a small part of table supplies are of English production. The great bulk of the food consumed by the mighty aggregation of "all kinds and descriptions" of people is imported. Meat comes largely from America and New Zealand; flour from wheat brought from India, Russia, the United States and Canada; eggs and butter from Brittany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway; fruits and vegetables from France, Spain and Portugal. Even the native fisheries cannot supply the demand for fish the year round.

The trade in household supplies is divided into fishmongers and poulterers, green grocers, butchers, bakers, grocers, dairymen and cheesemongers. From your fishmonger you buy fish and ice, and sometimes poultry and game. The green grocer supplies you with vegetables, fruits, flowers and house plants, the baker, bread, and flour for pastry. The butcher, fresh meats only. From the cheesemonger you get eggs, bacon, butter and cheese, and sometimes poultry and game.

Wines and liquors are good and cheap. Of course, in Madeira, port and sherry, the London stocks, are the finest in the world. You can get a fine quality of old port for $1.12 per bottle and a very fair sherry at that price. Like quality of Madeira costs a little less. For $2 per bottle you will get prime very old port. The claret is of a fair quality, especially the cheap table wine, which retails for two shillings a bottle. The English are champagne drinkers and the best in the world can be had. At Verry's you can get Romane Contre, between a Burgundy and Chateau, heavy bodied claret, that will "make your hair curl," for $2.50 a bottle. Verry is a Belgian who made a fortune in Coleman street, E. C., and now keeps a restaurant on Regent street for occupation's sake. Kevser of the Royal hotel, Blackfriars and Café Royal, Regent street, is also a Belgian. He also runs the Empire theater on the old Alhambra order. His wife buys the wine and looks after the cost, of which there is no small share. His sworn income last year being £40,000 or $200,000.

A. M. GIBSON.

They Change So.

"Mamma," whispered the soft voiced, blue eyed girl, "Harry is in love with me."

"How do you know, Mabel?" asked the cautious mamma.

"Because, mamma, he told me so."

"When, darling?"

"Last night, mamma, as we sat out in the pale moonlight. He said I was an angel, mamma."

"Did he ask you to marry him?" inquired mamma anxiously, for Harry had money.

"Oh, yes, mamma."

"And you accepted him, of course?"

"No mamma, I did not."

"You didn't?" and mamma began to put her foot and get red and white about the nose. "You didn't. Why didn't you? Don't you love him?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Then why don't you marry him?"

"Because, mamma!" and the conscientious little creature sighed, "I love him so much I don't want him ever to change his opinion of me." Detroit Free Press.

Hoping for the Best

Snobberly's rich uncle was very sick so the doctor said to the nephew.

"Your uncle is much worse. You must be prepared for everything."

"I'll be glad to get half," replied Snobberly.—Texas Siftings.

Another Crawley Instance

Brown, a farmer, failed to float a failure, not alarming.
But now he's rich—he uses his auto
A book on "Motor Farming."
—Atlanta Constitution.

PRECIOUS STONES.

SOME JEWELED OWNERS OF WOMEN OF NEW YORK

Not Worth Less than Four Million Our Mrs. William Waldorf Astor's Renowned Necklace—The Vanderbilt Jewels Unrivaled at Newport.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the two million or more of the finest diamonds and other precious stones in the United States. A large share of the jewels in Maiden Lane seem to say that the number of precious stones worn this day by our women is not cheap enough. Imitations, false stones, so replete are, are not worth less than a hundred dollars to the great wealth distributed everywhere and to the use of precious stones shown by American women. Almost every well dressed woman in some part of the country has imitation or real diamond in her ear rings or earrings. Diamonds are the most popular because they show off better by their flashing.

Comparatively few women own a large number of the stones representing this aggregate. Let me take a few of them at random. The jewels, most of which are diamonds, owned by the Astor women would far exceed $1,000,000 at the late Mrs. Lovett Astor were on all public occasions, and many private ones, a tiara which as has been well said, few crowned heads of Europe or Indian princesses could boast. These stones so flashed when the wearer moved that it seemed as if her head was encircled in flame. Mrs. William Waldorf Astor has a set of diamonds, the graduated rows each row a fortune in itself, and she also possesses the world renowned necklace of six strings with the gold of the setting hid, only the glittering stones being visible. She is constantly weeding out small and imperfectly cut stones from the galaxy and adding larger ones of perfect workmanship.

Perhaps $300,000 would not represent the value of the Vanderbilt jewels. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt has a superb diamond crescent two inches in diameter, a pearl necklace owned by the Empress Eugenie and valued at $200,000, this rope of gems being about forty inches long. She wears this by rolling it round and round her neck and then letting it fall in rows toward her waist. Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt has one of the most valuable diamond necklaces in the world. Among other costly gems owned by this family and worn in brooches, necklaces, hair pins, bracelets and rings are rubies, sapphires, emeralds, topazes, garnets, etc.

The beautiful Mrs. Hicks Lord owns not less than $500,000 worth of precious stones, and fame of her gorgeous necklace, worth $200,000, all of perfectly cut and flawless diamonds, is known in every European court. Nor is she sparing in her display of this regal circlet. Moreover, she owns four other necklaces and the most valuable pair of solitaire ear rings in the United States. On certain occasions she wears those superb stones in a dazzling fashion. Sometimes they flash at you in the form of a star flower or a beautiful spray of leaves, being fastened to the bodice. A large number of the women who own extensive collections of costly jewels lock their treasures up in bank or safe deposit vaults, wearing duplicates in paste, rhinestones or other imitations. But Mrs. Hicks Lord wears the genuine. She detests the imitations and says "they may do all right for French actresses." I suppose she had Bernhardt in mind then. And what woman who loves to inquire about these things has not heard of Mrs. Hicks-Lord's fan with its fifteen to 20 folds, studded with diamonds, so often worn in her hair? This fan has no peer in this country and excelled nowhere in the world. The bouquet holder with its mouth ablaze with beautiful gems has also put her friends in rapture; as does also her white point d'Alençon fan, worn "en chatelaine" from a chain of diamonds and pearls.

The Marquise Leavo has a large number of exquisite and costly jewels, among which may be mentioned a diamond pendant of thirty two stones, a ring with two flawless white diamonds, three carats each, several beautiful garnets obtained by her father, Doctor Hammond during the Mexican war, and last but not least, the stone purchased at Tiffany's. The gem weighs five carats and glows pink at night, changing to a warm, scintillating yellow in the day time.

Mrs. Bradley-Martin has an almost insatiable fancy for jewels, and she has gathered together stones enough to constitute a good sized fortune. Frequenters of grand opera in New York have often seen the flash of these lovely gems, for Mrs. Martin does not believe in hiding the light of her jewels under a bushel. Her chief treasure is a large tiara of thirty six points. The largest stone is in the center and it is flawless, of the purest water and beautifully cut. The other stones are valuable, but they are of rather small size. The tiara, however, is valued at $250,000. This lady is also the owner of several other rare pieces of jewelry, such as rings, pins, brooches, and ornaments for the hair, bonnet and other parts of the dress. Several fine garnets, rubies, emeralds, pearls and sapphires are included in this costly collection.

New York women have not been noted for their pearls, but some of them have acquired some very exquisite and valuable ones. I have referred to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's necklace, once owned by the Empress Eugenie. Mrs. William Rockefeller has always had a penchant for pearls and has made a point of getting possession of the best stones for sale. Her collection is said to be worth nearly $[illegible] but of course her diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other jewels exceed it in the aggregate, the value of her pearls.

Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts is also an enthusiast about pearls and prefers them to diamonds. Her collection ranks probably next to that of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. She has a necklace which she wears in three ways and these hang around her neck, the three loops hanging one above the other. Mrs. Henry Clews has also a very costly pearl necklace of three circles; and one of Mrs. W. D. Sloane's pearls was shown in Jewelry as a similar treasure. Mrs. James Harriman's collection of jewels include pear shaped pearl ear rings and a necklace valued at $[illegible].

Mrs. Robert Remsen has likewise the women's admiration for precious stones. She has for years been buying every diamond that much attracted her, and of course she has given the preference to large stones. But the gold setting robs them of much of the effect they would otherwise have. She has a splendid necklace of diamonds, to which are several pendants. One of these is of great value, consisting of a large center set in pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's jewels have no peer in Europe. She has a pair of solitaire diamond ear rings which weigh thirty carats each. They are of perfect color. She has two very valuable necklaces, one a mixture of single diamonds finely cut and graduating from one magnificent stone in the center. The other necklace consists of ninety stones all exactly alike, each as large as a dime and every one of them of the purest water. Mrs. Leslie has the gold jewel which she prizes highly as having been conferred upon her as a decoration by the Republic of Venezuela. It is called the "El Busto del Libertador." It is a [illegible] and is surrounded by brilliants in star rays and is set in lost by a golden buckle to a ribbon of the Venezuelan national colors. She received this for her services in the cause of humanity, progress and civilization. She has likewise a diamond and emerald brooch designed by herself. It is in the form of a coiled serpent the head being cut out of a single emerald, surrounded by small diamonds and having two little rubies for eyes. The coil portion of the serpent's body has a covering of emeralds and diamonds so arranged that the glow seems to be the living light proceeding from the creature's body. The emerald in the head is nearly an inch long.

Mrs. William C. Whitney owns about $[illegible] worth of precious stones, in her collection being a superb necklace, several beautiful solitaires, brooches, pins and ornaments.

Mrs. Ogden Mills has a great liking for sapphires, and has them wrought into a necklace, earrings, pins and brooches. Her largest sapphire, shaped like a hazel nut and nearly as large, is set as a pendant, having diamond spikes nearly an inch long. This jewel fairly blazes under the proper lights. The necklace, which, by the way, was a wedding present from her father, Millionaire Livingstone, is valued at $[illegible].

Mrs. Frank Coe has a diamond of which she is very proud. It weighs over thirteen carats, is of pure water, and a marvel of the lapidary's skill. It is worth $[illegible]. The stone dates back to the Indian mutiny, and was the property of a prince. Mrs. Coe has had it set in a pin. This lady has likewise a miscellaneous collection of very fine jewels.

Mrs. Talbot Gobet, daughter of Geo. H. Warren, has a necklace of diamonds and sapphires which cost $11,000, a pearl necklace worth $10,000 and a diamond necklace of solitaires from seven carats down, worth about $[illegible]. Besides these she has a large and varied collection of valuable stones.

Mrs. Robert Winthrop, wife of the banker, has a superb brooch with a sapphire of twenty seven carats set in diamonds. She has a necklace of diamonds worth over $[illegible], besides numerous other jewels.

Mrs. Bromall Burnham, nee Miss Havemeyer, has a pendant with an emerald of ten carats for a center and a gorgeous setting of diamonds.

Mrs. Dr. Wyckoff likes rubies, but she's also fond of sapphires and diamonds. Her chief treasures are two necklaces of rubies, sapphires and diamonds and a diamond brooch set in a crown of gold having as a pendant a miniature painting of Henry and had with diamonds.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington's pair of ruby earrings are valued at $15,000, each stone weighing fifteen carats and being of perfect shade and workmanship. These are said to be the finest rubies in the United States. Among the other ladies who own beautiful and valuable jewels are Mrs. Lindley Chapin, who has a diamond necklace, which she sometimes wears as a tiara, worth $10,000; Mrs. John Bloodgood, who has a pair of solitaire diamond earrings worth $5,000; Mrs. George Lewis, who has a pair of splendid solitaire diamond earrings and a handsome diamond necklace; Mrs. Griswold Grey who has a large and valuable collection, notably of emeralds and diamonds, and Mrs. Lorillard Spencer's diamond aigrette is the envy of all who have seen it. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, nee Willing, has a fortune alone in diamonds and sapphires, gifts from the Astors and others when married the other day.

GEORGE SALSBURY.

Pay in Advance

He was walking up and down on the wharf at the Pennsylvania railroad depot while he whiffed away at a clay pipe when a bootblack approached and solicited a job.

"Waal, I'm no hand to put on style," replied the old man as he looked down at his dusty shoes, "but I guess it won't do no great harm to shine 'em up. What's the charge?"

"Ten cents."

"What! That's outrageous! I'd see you hung first! If you want to shine 'em for five cents you can go ahead."

The boy hung off for awhile, but finally decided to accept the figure. As he made ready to begin work, however, he looked fiercely at the old man and asked:

"Wife in the sitting room?"

"Yes."

"Second wife?"

"Yes."

"Then I want pay in advance."

"You do! What's that for? Do I look as if I'd rob a boy of five cents?"

"No, sir, but I've seen this thing work before. That's your wife looking out of the window now. About the time I get one shoe finished she'll come flyin' out in a rage and grab you by the ear and holler:

"'Now, old man, what did I tell yer to do? Throwin' away money! You walk right in here and set down and stay set or I'll make yer think you've been struck in the back by a bull sugar trust!'"

The old man looked from the boy to the wharf and back again and took his foot off the box, and after heaving a deep sigh and shaking his head, he muttered:

"Yes, she'd be purty apt to do that very thing, and I guess we won't go on with this job any further."—New York Evening World.

Not a Loafer

Snobbington (to tramp who has asked for a sixpence) I have nothing for you. You are a lazy loafer.

Tramp (with dignity) You do me an injustice sir. I am a positive member of the Ancient Order of Sons of Rest.—Detroit Free Press.

SOUTHWARD THE CRY.

The March of the Birds Strewn with Dead and Wounded.

Great Flocks of Birds Making for the South—How Thousands of Them Meet Their Late Across from a Lighthouse Lantern.

EVERY NIGHT.

Every night now the air is full of feathered creatures on their autumn march to the south. The farmer hears strange sounds and sees all sorts of birds in his head. Many a one living in cities hears at most flying pass far above in the lonely night. Of late the department of agriculture at Washington has given much attention to the subject of bird migration and has sent out circulars to lighthouse keepers asking them to report the kinds among the birds that strike the lanterns in spring and fall, and if they do not know the name they are requested to describe the wing and body.

It is estimated that among the migrating species which here at its height many millions of birds pass southward every night. They come from every part of the north and fly five or six hundred miles without resting.

The birds that fly in the night rest and feed during the day along the route. The night flyers as a rule live in coverts in the north and they are afraid to expose themselves in daylight in large numbers, but those that haunt open places mount high into the air at sunrise and fly till dark.

The birds that live in the woods or browse wait till dusk then you hear a humdrum of wings. They rise often one or two miles and some times three, hover among the clouds and then, having determined their course, speed onward. They hardly ever set out on a night when no stars are visible, for it is by these undoubtedly that they are guided to the greatest extent.

Sometimes a storm arises when they are mid way in the air, the stars are blotted out and they lose their way. Then they are driven before the gale for miles, but they select a piece of forest, where they perch and wait until the weather clears. If the weather is fine they tarry at each stopping place for several days, frolicking and chasing one another through the air and filling the air with their cries. But the first tinge of cold in the wind sets them off again to a warmer region, where they feed and scream and whistle and sing till a gray frost appears or a bitter northern wind begins to pipe. Some birds travel six thousand miles every spring and fall, going from northerly parts of Greenland to the tropic of Capricorn.

The wild goose, the barnacle goose and the brant can each fly from five to seven hundred miles without resting, and they are now crossing the gulf of St. Lawrence every day in hundreds of thousands. They assemble in large bodies on the headlands in Newfoundland when the weather begins to grow cold, and wait for a fair wind which is a northeaster. The geese and brants like to set out in the morning, but sometimes the wind veers, fog arises from the sea, smothering the sun in the day and the stars at night, and they become bewildered. Captains of schooners that sail across the gulf in spring and fall, frequently find from a score to a hundred of wild geese in the morning, crouching on the deck, hatches, railings and booms. These birds will not alight in the sea, and because perfectly tame by bewilderment and terror, and the deck hands kill them with gaffs.

A large majority of the migratory birds journey by night, and anyone interested in the subject whether he live in the city or the country will be able to know when a congregation is passing. The expert, moreover, can determine from the whistles and calls what species of bird comprises the passing flock. They do not whistle or sing as they do in the woods, but usually give but one or two notes which are intended as signals to keep the army together. The bobolink for example cries "Spink," "Spink;" the kingfisher gives a hoarse screech though, he laughs and chatters when not in passage; the woodpecker screams and the duck gives a resonant quack.

Some of the birds of passage adopt special routes and go by these every year. There are probably from fifteen to twenty million birds now moving down the valley of the Mississippi; vast numbers pass along the skirt of the Rocky mountains, and the air at night is thronged with them along both shores of the continent.

The light keepers now are sending in some very interesting stories about the birds. Two keepers on Long Island tell one that on a dark and stormy night a week ago thousands of birds were attracted, and that the lanterns were fairly pelted with them. Hundreds of them lay dead at the bases of the towers in the morning and many dead and wounded ones were seen floating in the sea. I have spent some nights in the lanterns with the keepers, and there that were dark and stormy brought the largest crowds of birds. Some of them approached the light carefully, flying round and round and then, stecadying themselves, peered with wide, wonder-stricken eyes in through the glass.

Numbers of them flying in a bewildered way struck the lantern with a heavy, sousing sound and fell back—many of them shot. The concussion kills them instantly, for they strike head first. Ducks, gallinules, gulls and other large birds kill themselves as readily against the glass as robins, thrushes, warblers, sparrows or peewees.

But what a medley of feathered creation comes to glare in at the lights. There were gulls, with their beady eyes and yellow bills, hawks, eagles, crows, snipe, plover, curlew, every one of them looking frightened, some screaming and many of them trying to hang on to the lantern bars.

From the lighthouse I went to the top of the statue of Liberty, and here the very heavens seemed to be dark with the wings of birds. They were driving before the storm in hundreds and thousands, but the flocks, as we could see by our glasses, kept well together. Nevertheless the leaders of each company kept on sending out signal cries so loud that they could be heard for half a mile through the storm. These were to keep the migrants together, for they could very easily get separated in the dark. Away from the rear of one of the huge flocks came a distinct one cry, and then the leaders struck out more swiftly, feeling that the army was holding together. Some of these immense flocks resembled large scudding clouds, and a body of wild geese moved in a semi-circle, which seemed to me to be nearly a quarter of a mile wide. The geese paid no heed to the light but went on silently save for the occasional honking of the leaders. Some of the birds came near the light, and many birds struck the bronze and stone, some of them falling back stunned and others dead. To add to the multitude of feathered creatures circling around the illuminated head of the statue, scores of bats came out of their hiding places and feasted on the moths that congregate around the electric flame.

But the bird that passed the lighthouse and the statue in greatest number, was the bobolink. This is an interesting member of the feathered tribe by-the-by. It is now found in nearly every restaurant in the United States. Here it is called the reed bird and the rice bird is a bobolink and they are now flying in flocks of from a hundred to five thousand, taking flight in time along the marsh and getting slaughtered in large numbers at every stopping place. These birds march with decided regularity and often fly at a great elevation. The signal cry is "Spink," "Spink," and of all the beautiful notes at the command of this bird this is the only one used during the passage at night. Judging from the cries and the large cloud like flock, I could not have seen less than eight or ten thousand of these birds all together during my night rights lately. Of course they are now on their way to the marshes of the Potomac, where they will tarry several weeks feeding and frolicking. It is from resorting to regions like this that they get the name reed birds, but they afterward go south to the rice fields and receive the name of rice birds. But let me say that many sparrows, robins and thrushes are eaten under the name of reed birds. All night long the bobolinks streamed past the statue, but only a few were killed against it.

Shortly after the electric light was first set flaming from the hand of the goddess over a thousand birds were picked up one morning on Bedloe's island.

[illegible] OUTLIVE.

DOUGHNUTS ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY

He Was Fond of Them Once, but a Day's Traveling Cured Him of the Habit

"I don't see how you can eat doughnuts," remarked a man in a Nassau street restaurant to a friend in the next chair as he ate a plateful of those edibles with pleasure evident while the thermometer outside gambolled about between 90 and 100.

"I used to like doughnuts myself," he added reflectively, "but I wouldn't eat them now for a dollar a doughnut."

"Why?" inquired the friend, pausing on the third doughnut.

"Well, I had an experience about three years ago that sickened me of the entire doughnut family. My wife and I were visiting relatives of hers up in Albany. We were both fond of doughnuts, and when we prepared to come away my wife's sister fried up a panful of doughnuts for our especial benefit. So we started off loaded with them. We munched doughnuts all the way from Batavia to Utica, and by that time we were pretty well filled up, but there were enough cakes left to stock a picnic.

"I stepped off the car at Utica to see my own sister, who was living there and had come down to the train to greet us. She had a four quart basket with her, and after the usual remarks she handed over the basket and said, 'Hiram, I happened to think how fond of doughnuts you are, so I went right out and fried up a panful from mother's old receipt, so you would have something to eat on the train.'

"I wondered what my wife would say when she saw me appearing with additional doughnuts, but I accepted the gift with a grateful air and went back into the car.

"'What have you there, Hiram?' said my wife, hitting the basket suspiciously.

"'Doughnuts.'

"'There's only a peck and a half left in the cask,' she said enthusiastically; 'so you were wise to bring more.'

"'Mary gave them to me,' I ventured feebly.

"'Well, you had better send them back to Mary or give them to the brakeman. As for me, she added with a dyspeptic sigh, 'I shall not touch another doughnut for five years.'

"As there wasn't any room in the cask, we I set down and held that basket of doughnuts for four hours on my lap. We were going to stop off at Poughkeepsie and spend the night with a cousin of Gibson. I didn't want to throw Mary's doughnuts away, so I forced down a cake every now and then, and when we came near Poughkeepsie we stuffed most of the doughnuts into my valise, fifteen or sixteen more into my wife's satchel, and at the last moment I crowded the last half dozen into my coat tail pockets.

"Gibson was waiting for us and grabbed the satchels. 'It's so late, Hiram,' he began, 'that we'll only give you a cold bite when you get up to the house.' I happened to remember how fond of doughnuts you are, so my wife fried up'

"'Not doughnuts!' I interrupted, stepping short on the platform, while my doughnut weighted coat tails hung down like lead plummets. 'Fact is, Gibson, I want to despairingly, 'we couldn't stand it if you made doughnuts again. We've fed on those blasted cakes all day. We're full of doughnuts and indigestion now. There are two packs in our satchels and six cakes in my coat tail pocket at this moment. If you say "doughnut" we'll sit here in the station all night.'

"He looked surprised and said we must be tired. We were, inside and out. When we reached the house Gibson hurried in first, and we didn't see or hear doughnut, but that night I softly opened our bedroom window and we sprinkled the back yard with cakes of all sizes and colors and designs. The people that joined that lot in the morning must have thought a bakery had exploded."—New York Tribune.

An Way to Fix Cairo

It is during the days when one does nothing that the reality seems so easily into one's comprehension, to remain in Cairo forever.

But is Cairo worth this? is asked. That depends upon the temperament. If one must have in his nature somewhere a trace of the poet to love Venice, so one must be at heart something of a painter to love Cairo. Her colors are so softly rich, the Saracenic part of her architecture is so fantastically beautiful, the figures in her streets are so picturesque that one who has an eye for such effects—as to himself to be living in a gallery of paintings with the frames, which stretch off in vistas, melting into each other as they go. If, therefore, one loves color, if pictures are precious to him, are important, let him go to Cairo he will find pleasure awaiting him.

Flaubert said that one could imagine the pyramids, and perhaps the Sphinx, without any actual sight of them but that what one could not in the least imagine was the expression on the face of an oriental barber as he sits cross legged in front of his door. That is Cairo exactly. You must see her with the actual eyes, and you must see her without haste. She does not reveal herself to the hurried tourist, nor to the man who is hurrying off to Athens on a fixed day which nothing can alter. Constance Fenimore Woolson in Harper's.

When the Kangaroo Is Dangerous.

The kangaroo seems poorly provided by nature with offensive weapons. His powers of biting are not formidable, and his fore paws are so weak as to seem a most rudimentary members of little use. His hind legs are muscular and strong, but are apparently of use only to assist flight from his enemies. In those hind legs is found, however, a most formidable weapon in the shape of a long claw as hard as steel and sharp as a chisel—as terrible to dogs as the scythe chariots of the ancients were to their enemies. When run down, the kangaroo, placing a tree behind him to protect his rear, will seize in his fore paws such implements as rush up to him, and holding them firmly, disembowel them with a sweep of his sickle like claw.

Even the hunters themselves thus caught in the vise like grip of an "old man kangaroo" of the larger breeds, have sometimes suffered in like manner, and have now and then taken their own turn at being hunted as the enraged animals turned upon them. [illegible] with blind fury.—Boston Journal.

Kelt

The tode in the hole, oh the toll in the hole
It costs a lot to keep it all in
It catches you just when you think you're at ease,
You start for a laugh and wind up with a sneeze
You tell of the woes in life's path by the way
And your frends, though they try and to do it, will laugh,
If you tell them a joke that has just [illegible] to you
They start out look on in a scowlful style,
Till you make up your mind you'll be later to dead
Then linger along with a [illegible] in the back.
—Washington Star.

ARTISTIC DRESS TRIMMING.

When the ruffle is scalloped and the hem gathered, the dress at least has become something more than a simple adjunct to the garment, it now asks for admiration on its own account, and it is a very nice question how far we may elaborate the trimming and keep on the right side of taste. By elaboration we do not make the garment serve any better the main use of ornament the preservation of the edge and the fastenings of the fold, and therefore by elaborating we do not enhance taste but we may thus add to beauty if we are careful in the process not to let the ornament lose its character or subordination to the garment. An elaborate dress which art has made it is a thing of joy, but an elaborate dress which is not a work of art is merely over trimmed. If the ornament is over conspicuous taste is lost and we have produced not beauty but vulgar display.

Here lies the danger. There is little chance to err in taste on the side of simplicity. A binding where a binding is needed is an ornament which can never be anything but in taste, a simple band of single fret answers all purposes of a border, but when we add fret to fret and band to band, we are on dangerous ground and may be sacrificing taste without gaining beauty. But the charms of a judicious enrichment are worth running risks for.

WHAT CAN BE THERE.

One general rule covers all others. However much the ornamental is enriched it must never appear as end in itself, but always keep its character as a thing of service as an accessory to the garment. The elaborate parts of a border must appear as one whole, a unit, and the unit must keep its due proportion to the rest of the garment. For example, if several parallel bands are used they must be so placed in relation to each other, and the garment, as to seem one band made up of many strands. This is done by making the space between them less than their own width, and seeing that their combined width is in such proportion to the rest of the garment as a border should have. There cannot be many borders to an edge, but only one border, and if they do not all together perform the function of one band, then all beyond the one will look superfluous. Yet nothing is more common than to see trimmings multiplied without any thought of functional relation to the garment, spread aimlessly over too much ground, without character.

Elaborations must not strike the eye and show their wheels at once. At the first glance let the border convey simply the idea that it is a border, and let its intricate beauties of embroideries, of textiles, or of lace, reward the eye on a nearer, or the richest color lies in the inside, a heart of a rose.

[illegible]

And beware of complexities. A trimming should not go part way round an edge or skirt and leave the remainder bare; for if the edge should be bordered at all there is not a reason for having part of it unbordered. A reference to fashion will not excuse such a [illegible] in view this, because though fashion may countenance such doing, it still requires a choice, and the person of taste, however elevated to realize, will eliminate in such details. I wish to call particular attention to this eccentricity because it is common in the trimming of skirts. The upper side of the skirt is commonly bordered, and the under side left bare. Such trimming fails to perform the function of a border, it fails in that of an inconsiderable of material, and the more it is elaborated the more it outrages taste.

Do not make a change in the character of the trimming without reason, such as for instance, using two ruffles on one dress with not a single one on the neck. Such shifting sins at worst only and are elaborations at the expense of beauty.

And remember that not every edge on a modern dress should be bordered. The distinction between which should and which should not is of vital importance for when an edge which could not to be is bordered, the lace far from adding the end of its wearer, is only vulgarly conspicuous.

The edges which must be left unbordered are those that are necessitated by some defect of the material in adapting itself to the figure, and also those that outline any make-shift of the garment to provide for some deficiency other than covering the body, as, for instance, the pocket.

When a jacket, or a waist, or a long cloak, is left open at the back or has its edges slashed at intervals the idea conveyed by this opening is that the garment was too wide enough, or was not flexible enough. To such ideas attention should not be called by ornament, and these raw edges which should not be bordered. For the proper treatment of such edges, we must go to the general outline, where we shall find that they are left unbordered or by a seam, neatly turned in with the lining.

The elaboration, or use for trimming, of a detail meant to serve some vulgar necessity, will destroy a garment's refinement. The pocket is such a detail.

THE POCKET NOT AN ORNAMENT.

The pocket is not an essential part of the garment; it has nothing to do with the form, or the action of the body, it is a mere convenience for the transportation of articles. It is therefore neither an ornament nor a fit object to be ornamented. It should be hidden when possible, and the aim should always be to make it inconspicuous. When it cannot be hidden a flap may be sewed over its opening. This flap will be a compromise between necessity and taste, and beyond the simplest finishing should not be bordered. Many gardments, though lacking in beauty of form, obey elegance in many particulars, and we may note that the multitudinous pockets in them are for the most part concealed.

The restriction on the pocket does not apply to garments designed for labor requiring tools, such as the apron or the working blouse.

[illegible]

Some one ought to start a crusade against buttons. The agitation is curious. Their false [illegible] trimming is so common that it must have a considerable effect on the moral [illegible] of modesty. Buttons, we put it up folks, [illegible] the buttonhole of [illegible] down all up the [illegible] pocket [illegible] of all on the bottom of the waist at the back in short in every conceivable spot where buttons ought not to be.

Buttons should never be placed except where they are needed to fasten a garment to the figure. When you button down a pocket flap you only advertise the vulgar fact that you are afraid of losing your purse. As to the waist back it ought not to have any tails, but if being there they ought to be connected, they should have been cut so; and the skirt should have no fastenings except such as refer the eye to the belt. Buttons as a trimming are infinitely vulgar.

Decorations intended to deceive the eye are elaborations which are always out of taste. Surely the amount of lying we do in the esthetic line would, if it were tried, exceed to the moral world, send us to perdition. We tolerate simulated cuffs, simulated vests, simulated all sorts of trappings, and are so accustomed to such counterfeits that we have almost lost the power to judge of them.

ORNAMENTS.

Another law (I'm 7 members) in elaborating ornament is that whatever seems to have been produced with great labor fatigues the eye. Intricate braidings and embroid rings, especially where there is a repetition of the same unit, are apt to be tiresome, and so defeat their own purpose. Yet how many women give a thought when embroidering a garment, to presenting the idea in the fewest forms and the fewest possible stitches, that the labor may seem slight and the effect be novelly great? The Orientals should be our models here. The pleasure we take in eastern ornament is largely because the means are simple, and the effect is produced without apparent labor. More is suggested than is given, and the imagination is thus [illegible] for itself.

Elaborate ornament that is machine made can hardly be anything but tiresome. For machine work lacks quality that is to say there is in it none of that evidence of mind guiding the execution, which makes hand work interesting, but it is a dreary monotony of repetition. Between a simple ornament, therefore, and an elaborate machine made one, there is no question of choice in taste. What are called in the stores "pattern gowns" are an example of this machine elaboration. I mean the patter

BILL NYE SEES A PLAY.

HE SAYS HIS FRIENDS ADVISED HIM TO DO SO

But Speaking of Other Things, There Will Be Sound Changes in Men's Clothes This Year Worth Noting—A Few Pulsatile Reflections

[Copyright 1891 by Edgar W. Nye.]

New York, October.—Recently I went to the London theater for an afternoon of pure and innocent delight. The London theater is not English as I had expected to find it from its name. It is an American theater where one can see a play that is in the main clean and dramatically accurate.

STUDYING A PLAY.

Friends of mine told me to go there and study the mechanism of a play so that when I wrote another border drama I can see how to put the border on without puckering the drama. I can never be thankful enough that I did so. I put in the entire afternoon studying the construction of a play that has been thrilling the Bowery for a long time.

In this play a maid with a feather duster is seen at the beginning of the first act dusting the parlor and trying to think of her piece. This is well done and dramatically accurate. The plot now proceeds to unfold itself. In the second act a villain appears with pink whiskers made for a smaller man. He moves about the stage to melancholy music.

The piece all the way through is so dramatically accurate that I could go out for an hour and know exactly where they would be when I came back. But I went there mostly to see Eva Havilton. I wanted to see how she would succeed as an actress. I thought if she acquitted herself nicely I could write a play for her next year. But she did not do very well. She wore yachting clothes and a scared look, but her voice was as devoid of emotion as that of John L. Sullivan, and her statements were as devoid of sympathetic effect as those made by the man who calls trains in the Union depot at Chicago.

Go home, Evy. Go back in your old life, whatever it may be. Do not attempt to be emotional when an east side audience frightens you and your lines light out like a scared jack rabbit at the early dawn. It is high time you called a halt. Go not to the quiet grave of that deluded man whose name you are pasting on the dead walls in order to get new clothes and bait the old deadfall for new victims. I am glad the press united on this wretched woman this evil angel of a soft hearted man whose life was ruined by her.

Such women also hurt too, Evy. They bring the blush of shame to the face of the profession and do much to discourage a young dramatist like myself from writing the great American play. Let us change the subject.

Men's clothes this fall in New York will present more bright colors than heretofore, and the cherry, scarlet, crimson and other bright shades for scarfs, mostly in satin, are noticeable. I write these items regarding men's apparel because very many friends look to me as authority each season and expect me to furnish tips on etiquette and clothing, as I am constantly in touch with the highest and best authority.

Four-in-hands now are no longer the only scarf that is tied by the proprietor. There are two or three of them which require a steady nerve a Christian spirit and an outside income.

It is no longer de rigueur to part the coat tails and sit upon them in the lap on sitting down. It has been tabooed because it gives the impression that one is too thoughtful of his clothing, and economy and etiquette do not harmonize.

Gloves will run in various shades of tan and black and tan, also the color of the Colorado and Colorado Claro cigar. A navy blue cheviot suit with a tan colored glove makes a very pretty contrast. The cheviot in dark blue and black will be very popular.

Efforts will be made to force into favor the old fashioned vest, made of all kinds of brocaded, twilled and startling design, but quiet people who desire to lead different lives will adhere to the vest made of the same material as the suit. Let those who are leading double lives and trying to keep the wolf away from two or three different doors, wear the honeycomb vest, the accordion plaited vest, the corrugated vest, the brocaded and the birdseye maple *grosgrain* and other fortuitous designs, but the father of a family will not try it.

Full dress will be worn this winter in New York after 6 o'clock and until daylight on the following morning. It will also be worn on the following day by men from Staten Island and Brooklyn who have missed the night boat. Nothing can look sadder than the man from Perth Amboy who is coming home at noon in a dress suit which has a little chocolate *eclaire* down the front to remind him of the annual dinner of the Society for the Prevention of Publicity for Charity.

A movement is now on foot to open a sort of gents exchange to be called the Suburban Clients Consolidated exchange, where out of town men may drop in and shack their business suits and assume the evening dress then after the dinner if still sufficiently lucid, they may wend back and go home. There have been of course, small places of this kind before but this is to be arranged on a larger and broader plan than ever before known and a competent person will be on side at all hours.

A great improvement in men's apparel this year will consist of the coat shirt, which is open the entire length in front and so therefore saves that terrible wear and tear of the soul caused by climbing head over hand up the dark interior of a hot and freshly ironed shirt. Let these shirts be a more pleasant and accessible one speak sneringly and lightly may nap of the man whose set has doomed him to a life of unceasing struggle upward through one of these stiff and airtight garments, but to a man whose hair has been worn off in this way it is no laughing matter.

Nearly all laundresses join the shirt together at the neck, and no man is ever prepared for this so he drifts farther and farther away from the dinner and opera way which I am told is extremely lonesome.

The coat shirt is not open in the back but otherwise of course is, to the casual observer, similar to the shirt in common use except that it may be put on without the usual difficulty.

The chest protector worn in the evening over the shirt front, with evening dress is growing in favor along with the lung pad, the liver pad and the foot pad. Those who cannot afford the gorgeous satin chest covering, which costs from two to ten dollars, will find a cheap and pleasing substitute in the Sunday paper.

Some put the shirt vest on underneath the shirt on cold evenings. This gives to the thin and arrow chested child of wealth a better figure also and obscures his bright and piercing wishbone. Try it.

Ladies will have different clothes this year throughout. A great deal of mauve is to be worn this year, also green and every shade of brown and chestnut. Soft and fuzzy effects will be sought after considerably. A nice warm bonnet direct from Paris is made of a neat little hummingbird's breast with satin strings which tie under the chin.

A very fascinating bonnet for street wear during the more bitter cold weather will consist of a mauve moutte with muskrat skin ear tabs.

For skating and Christmas in the making a dainty little beetle with narrow velvet strings makes a cozy and very healthful hat for cold evenings under the winter sky.

Gimpure and Venetian laces will be used to keep back Erie out of the other wise exposed chest of society.

Smoke hats will also be worn this winter.

The Bedford will be the popular chord among musical people it is said.

Shoulder capes will be more brief this year than usual so as to show the figure. Those who have abandoned the corset will wear the Paisley or Bay State shawl.

A neat little cape in the shoulder cape a wide belt and a full skirt will make a very fine costume when surmounted by a neat little two for a quarter hat of some bright shade.

A very nice riding habit consists of skirt and bodice of appropriate material and trousers with a broad gold braid down the side of the limb. These are neatly tucked into the boot tops and are said to be extremely comfortable.

Furs will be worn by those who prefer them, and there will be no fuss made over the fact. More independence will be shown this year than usual, both among the women and the men in the matter of dress. This is a hopeful sign. The newspaper paragrapher has done much I believe, to kill off the extremist and the toady. Comfort will be the first thing to consider.

THE UMBRELLA FIEND.

Table etiquette will continue to be in favor among those who can afford it. The souvenir spoon will hold its place for the winter, perhaps, but not longer. Those who retain their faculties will not go very largely into the purchase of spoons that are so heavily embossed and oxidized in the bowl that they injure the teeth and lacerate the mouth.

The true gentleman who remains seated in the street car while elderly ladies cling to the roof and stand up in the aisle, will continue to ostensibly slumber or read the paper and thus endear himself to the public.

The man with the wet umbrella, who eats onions and then seeks to conceal the fact by the use of stimulants, will still continue to frequent crowded cars and let his elbows on the bosom of the neck merchant from the country.

Broadway will have cable cars running in November, and it is to be hoped that the first few trains will be made of wrought iron with a cowcatcher in front in which may be concealed a large cartridge of dynamite, so that the fiend who has been in the habit of driving his truck over two or three children per day may be entirely obliterated the first week.

Money will be plenty this winter among well to do people, it is said and should they feel a temporary stringency the remedy is easy, for they will only have to skip a dividend or two, a practice which is becoming more and more popular among our foremost financiers.

Bill Nye

P. S.—In full evening toilets matters good taste, etc., will be shown.

Oh Papa!

She had been away all summer.

The mountain had felt her step, the sea had taken her to its ever changing bosom and folded her in its billowy arms.

She had flirted with everything in pantaloons from Old Point to Bar Harbor from Mount Mitchell to the Adirondacks.

She had tasted the sweets of hope, she had drained the bitter cup of disappointment.

Now she is at home again.

Home. The Mecca of the weary pilgrim. The Canaan beyond the wilderness. The altar around which we all kneel in thankfulness, the dear walls which take us to their loving embrace and hide us from the comfortless world without.

Home again, and a peace had come to her she had never known since she had gone out in June as the birdlet from its nest.

At the front door her dear old father, who had been at his desk ten hours daily all the weary while she was away, met her.

"My daughter," he said, as he held his arms to her.

"Is a tired wanderer footsore and heartsick she came to him.

Trustingly confidingly restfully laid her soft white face in its frame, lay her head upon his bosom.

"At last," she murmured, "at last I have found some one to be a pepper to me."

And the dear old father in the tumultuous joy of having his darling child again didn't catch on.—Detroit Free Press.

Feathers, Scales and Hairs

The feathers of birds are simply modified hairs. Scales of fishes are like unto the little fishes, like birds feathers, and for the same purpose, namely, to shed the water. If a fish's scales were set with the wrong end toward him so as to impede his native element would he be pleased.—Washington Star.

BUDSEY LOSES A VOTE.

Keona, the Ex-Chief, Was a Bad Political Investment.

Howard Fielding Tells a Pathetic Story Which Throws Some Light on the Doings of the Jerome V. Bagley Naturalization Bureau.

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When Keona Mannor chief of the Island of Mananapoi in the South Seas, went out of office on a recent change of administration he was the only member of the retiring government who was able to retire in a canoe. All the others had to swim. But Keona got the tip in advance and when his enemies seized his cocoanuts he was not in it.

Ten days later he was picked from the bosom of the mighty Pacific by the crew of an American vessel bound for New York. He had lived meanwhile on one cocoanut and was not in his usual health and spirits. It is one thing to fast for fame in a public hall with George Francis Train and a band of music, and it is another to do it alone on the briny deep.

Keona's mind was so strained by his painful experience that throughout

ALOYE AT SEA.

the long voyage he firmly believed that he had died and that the vessel had been sent by the gods to convey him to the abode of the departed. Therefore when he came in sight of New York and perceived that it was his destination, he had a very lively and natural curiosity to know what it was like. He had gathered from one or two missionaries some ideas of a future state which were not calculated to give him confidence in this emergency, especially as the first thing he noticed about the city was the great amount of smoke which arose from it. For several days Keona stuck to the ship but at length his curiosity overcame him and he strayed ashore. In ten minutes he was hopelessly lost. He was abroad upon the bosom of an ocean to him as trackless as that from which the sailors had rescued him.

Keona was not slow to recognize the extent of the calamity that had befallen him. He endeavored to explain his case to various wayfarers, but as his stock of English, picked up from the sailors, included only about twenty words, fifteen of which were not valuable except as violent expletives, he did not make a good impression on strangers. For five days and nights he wandered about the streets, and on the forenoon of the sixth day he was found kneeling before the statue of Benjamin Franklin, which he believed to be a gigantic idol.

"Shorty" Smith found him. Shorty is the secretary of the Jerome V. Bagley association, which has for its object the promotion of honest government by united political action, and the assisting of members of the association when they get into the police courts. In an experience of over a dozen years as stakeer for a gang of bunco men, Shorty has acquired a deep insight into human character, and when he saw Keona, he said to himself at once, "Here is a man who will vote for Budsey."

Budsey is running for the assembly from Shorty's district, and the Bagley association is "wid him." It's a fight for local supremacy, "and de boys is in it to win, see?" As an assistance to its work the Bagley association has established a naturalization bureau, where

KEONA ENDEAVORS TO EXPLAIN.

citizens of the United States are manufactured from very raw material. Shorty is on the lookout for such material every day. He touched Keona on the shoulder.

"Hey, my patent leather beauty!" said he, "do you want to make two dollars?"

Keona did not understand a word but he accepted Shorty as a friend and an answer to his prayer. He opened his mouth feebly, pointed down his throat and said, "Me hungry."

"Hungry, are you?" rejoined Shorty. "Well, come wid me an' I'll steer you up against a free lunch."

He took Keona by the arm and the ex chief submitted humbly to his guidance. They made their way to the Bagley association's naturalization bureau. This patriotic institution was situated over one of Bagley's saloons. If an occasional American citizen was murdered on the ground floor, the balance was more than made even by the operations on the second story. Bagley is a conscientious man and would not defraud his country.

"Whatchergot there?" inquired the clerk of the bureau when Shorty entered with his prize.

"This is John Jones," said Shorty. "Took out his first papers in Baltimore seven years ago and lost 'em. Wants a certified copy. Trot it out and I'll take him round to court."

Can he talk United States? asked the clerk. "Say, Buckey, what's de form o' government in dis country? King or president?"

"Me hungry," said Keona perceiving that he was addressed.

"Think you can drum it into him?" asked the clerk, alluding to the formula of questions and answers in use at the court.

"Naw," replied Shorty. "Ain't got time. I'll work the deaf and dumb racket."

"Say, Shorty, dat's gettin' played out," said the clerk. "The wattin trick has been worked seven times this week and his nibs will be onto it if yer don't let up."

"Well, den, where's de cuckoo?"

"He's up to de museum in his coat."

"Say, said Shorty, in a tone of remonstrance, "does we hire dat ventriloquist or does dem museum people own him? Every time I want him to answers questions for a would be American citizen he's doin' his act. You tell de Cuckoo dat he'll have to attend to his or less dis job, see? I suppose I'll have to go up an' get him. Here, you hunk o' stove polish, sit down in dat chair an' wait till I get back."

"Me hungry," said Keona.

"Why don't yer gire de nigger some thin' to eat?" suggested the clerk. "Take him downstairs an turn him loose on Bagley's free lunch. It won't kill him before election day. It's a slow poison. I've been eatin' it myself for a year."

"Not in a jug full," returned Shorty, with decision. "If I feed this feller now he'll be wandering off before I get through wid him. 'Tain't dinner time for him till this job's over."

"What yer goin to do wid him 'tween this an' election day?"

"Put him on de street cleanin' gang an' have Rollins keep an eye on him so he can't get away. We can search him up to de polls wid de rest o' de gang an then he can go to blazes."

Shorty went off to the museum to get the ventriloquist, while the clerk made out the duplicate of the papers applied for in Baltimore in 1885. He was interrupted only once when Keona, faint with hunger, fell out of his chair and had to be replaced. The papers were ready when Shorty and the Cuckoo (so called from one of his ventriloquial tricks) appeared in the door.

"Say, now," said the Cuckoo, surveying the candidate for citizenship with disapproval, "does this burnt cork artist know his part? Will he open his mouth and say nothin' while I do talkin' for him? Say, Sambo, do you understand?"

Keona opened his mouth, but he was too weak for utterance. He said, "me hungry," in his heart but not a sound escaped him.

"Dat's de stuff," cried Shorty and the Cuckoo in chorus. "And say, Blackey," continued the former, "if yer go through wid dis all right I'll fill yer up to de muzzle and give yer a job. Come along."

Keona, supported on either side by Shorty and Cuckoo, staggered out of the bureau.

In the bureau of naturalization all was quiet—humm the clerk sat idle, his feet on his desk. By and by another applicant came in and was put through an examination. He had been in the country four days and believed it to be a monarchy, of which Jerome B. Bagley was king. This trifling error was corrected, and he was

THEY TOOK HIM TO AN AMBULANCE.

schooled to pass, with a little coaching. Then Jimmy put his feet upon the desk again and waited for the next comer.

The next comer was Shorty, and he appeared to be laboring under a weight of painful emotion.

"What d'yer a pose de nigger's done?" he inquired.

"I dunno," replied the clerk. "Did he talk while the Cuckoo was answerin' questions?"

"To think of it," Shorty continued, without heeding the other's remark, "after I'd gone to all that trouble ter make him a citizen, and had blowed in de association's good money on de expenses of de court! I never had such a trick played on me before. It makes me sick."

"Why, what did he do?"

"What did he do? What did that unnatural coon do? Why, he fainted away before I could get him out of court. Flopped right down on the floor in a heap. Somebody rung for an ambulance. Doctor came, took a look at the remains, said something about insufficient nutriment, and ordered them ter take Blackey ter Bellevue hospital. 'When will he be out?' said I to the doctor. 'A for a month at least,' said he. 'Not for a month and the election right on top of us!' There's a vote for Budsey gone to."

"Well, let's say to Bellevue," interrupted Jimmy. "I wouldn't be too hard on the nigger."

HOWARD FIELDING.

A CURBSTONE PHILOSOPHER.

He Indulged in a Soliloquy at His Own Expense.

He stood in front of the Tremont house about five o'clock the other afternoon looking as if his liver-pad had slipped several points to the southeast. Somebody said something about the parade of the day before and a cynical smile crept in under the shelter of his nose.

"Talk about civilization," he snorted. "Look what fools people make of themselves when they march to a brass band with a little gold lace about 'em. This is the nineteenth century but people ain't much ahead of Digger Indians."

He looked about for some sign of approval, but there wasn't any. The big man, standing by, had marched in the line and the little man had climbed an electric light pole to watch it.

"I've taken cold," remarked the first speaker, oppositely filling in an ominous silence.

"Haven't put on winter flannel, may be," suggested the little man.

"Yes, it isn't that. I got wet yesterday."

"It don't pay to walk in the rain," observed the little man again.

"I didn't get wet looking at that fool procession."

Then the little man tittered, the big man guffawed, and the philosopher didn't catch on to 'em for all the time he had been fighting with his liver in your.—Chicago Mail.

Shifting Servants.

Club servants are a constantly shifting class in New York. It is rare to find one to half a dozen members for a familiar face behind the bar, with a grinning assurance of welcome that has slain of the initiated several him six months before a member of the club house. English waiters are hard to keep, but the Swiss are mostly of the Epicurean race and they prefer their wages as subordinates. Negro servants in New York clubs are rare, and in the Southern society once dismissed, full cooks of negroes, they are not "mammy" whose fried chicken is a dream of delight.

Affection Inland in Dogs.

The young woman who proposes to make beautiful the dog of the young man upon whom she has set her affections no longer is satisfied with silver bells and jewelled collars, but rates it with cloth of gold and silver for more grain is wasted on the poor.

YALE'S MIGHTY KICKERS.

Capt. McClung Describes the Timber in His Team.

The Process of Weeding Out Phenomenons—The Old Men and How They Are Working—New Candidates for the Team.

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To form a correct idea with regard to the relative strength of any one of the eleven teams is as difficult as it would be to make an estimate of the speed of a racing yacht without whose timbers and their material we were at liberty to examine. The Yale eleven as a team does not exist and will not exist until a very short time before the great game. What I purpose to briefly review are the timbers and other elementary material which careful seasoning and scientific management will perhaps make a winning craft, but which will be of no avail unless such skill as wisdom which coaches and captains jearly put their heads together to evolve. To show the meaning by the statement that the Yale eleven as a team does not exist, let us look over the first eleven men of the two great games. The first play occurs in the season by a score of eighteen to six. The second played, later in the season by the same eleven men as a team resulted in the significant score of 50 to 0. Another reason which makes

YALE'S MIGHTY KICKERS.

it difficult to form a correct idea of even the timbers (to carry on our metaphor) from which the craft is to be built, is the fact that the weather has been most unfavorable to football because of the oppressive heat. In fact only two real days of football practice have passed by, and it must be confessed that during these days the playing was below expectations. It is the misfortune of captains each year to have high hopes raised by reports concerning dazzling great players who are to enter with the freshmen class. Such players are ordinarily men who have made great showings against weak teams, but a few days of hard knocks on the 'varsity field bring them to their proper level. This process of weeding out phenomenons has been gone through this year, and the captain has arrived at the conclusion that he must do what every captain before him has done. That is, train an average set of players into a team which is to meet the two strongest eleven in the country.

The first days of play brought out a large number of candidates, more than enough to occupy three fields of twenty two players each. This first enthusiasm has cooled, however, and the 'varsity and freshman fields are scarcely more than filled.

Of last year's team there are now playing Heffelfinger, Wallis, Hartwell, Crosby, Barbour, Bliss and McClung. B. Morison will return later. Regarded as a whole the old men are not yet in trim. Let us then consider them individually commencing at the end rushes. Hartwell and Crosby know their positions pretty well and ought to improve this year, as they have their hearts in the work. Though they tackle pretty well they are neither of them sure. At present neither is good on getting down the field under a kick. Cox and Hincks, Andover's end rushers last year, are a light pair of men but might heavy interfere quite cleverly. They are likely to be tempted too far out or in when the other side has the ball, but both get and tackle well and tackle quite well. In general they have the proverbial signs of preparatory school-football sticking to them, but are learning varsity methods.

Next, looking at the tackles we find Wallis, of last year's eleven, and Mills, Winter, Messler and Cochran. Wallis is a quiet, conscientious worker and will know more of the finer points of the game this year. Wallis did not do himself full credit in the great games last year as he was overtrained. He falls on the ball more effectively than anyone else on the team. Mills has been too unwell to play so that it is impossible to say what he will do. He was a member of his class crew, is big and active. Last fall he showed great improvement and gave promise for better work but he does not do as much as he is capable of doing.

Winter, '93 S., played last year on the '94 team and did good work. He does not know the game, nor his position thoroughly, but is a willing worker and ought to improve. He is disposed to be a little bellicose.

Messler is big, strong and sandy. He is afraid of nothing but knows very little about the game.

Cochran, '91, was placed tackle on the Andover team two years ago, was incapacitated last year from playing. He is quite light but knows his position fairly well. He is easily interfered with on account of his weight but tackles well.

Stephen and Colt are both light, but may develop.

Next with regard to the guards, we find Heffelfinger and S. Morison of last year's team and Sanford and Jenkins of the new candidates. Of Heffelfinger little can be added to his reputation or to his praise. He will be the industry of the rush line and the apple pie right hand adviser.

Stan Morison has not yet returned to college but is expected about the 20th. He is in Philadelphia being treated for his throat. Morison this year is sure to add great strength to the rush line. He did best season. Sanford, '94 S., is both big and strong, and understands football pretty well, but he does not pay enough attention to his work, wasting some time and strength against his opponent before the ball is snapped.

Jenks, '93 S., [illegible] not know much about [illegible] but is improving.

For center rush Lane, of Sanford, '94, and St. Hilaire, '94 S., are the most probabilities. Lane is a member of the university crew and is strong and big but slow. He will need a great deal of practice and coaching.

Stillman of the freshman class is the heaviest of the new men, weighing two hundred pounds. He does not understand the game very thoroughly nor how to use his strength. He is playing center while Paine is sick, but as play guard Barbour, '92 S., will play his old position behind center. Barbour plays his position more usefully than showily. His judgment is good and he helps the runner with good effect. The candidates of last year are L. Bliss, '92 S., and McClung, '92, of last year's team and Dyer, '93, and Norton, '92 S., of the new men.

Bliss' work last year showed him to be an effective half back in spite of his light weight. He is also one of the best tacklers on the team.

Dyer, '93, comes from St. Marks school. He is small in stature, but plays a dashing game. He tackles well and is quick on his feet but is slow at finding openings. Norton, '92 S., who played two years ago on the Dartmouth team is a heavy runner but needs coaching. For full back the present candidates are Noyes, '92, Richards, '93, and Butterworth, '93. It is too soon to judge anything concerning the last two. Noyes, who has been tried in the game so far is a heavy man and his chief usefulness is in sending the half backs in their runs. He does not play as well as he may, however and his kicking lacks accuracy.

The following is the list of games to be played as scheduled up to date:

Oct. 31	Orange A. C.	at Orange
	Lehigh	at New Haven
Nov. 7	Crescents	at Brooklyn
	Wesleyan	at New Haven
14	Amherst	at New Haven
21	U. of P.	at New York
Thanksgiving	Princeton	at New York

THOMAS LEE McCLUNG.

SHORT ON MEMORY.

He Usually Mentioned Those Things Right Off Quick.

It was a strange coincidence from New Brunswick the other day. He had a clay pipe with a short stem which he said was seven years old and he wanted to bargain a match.

"Let's see," he said as he lighted his pipe and sat down, "did I introduce myself?"

"I believe not."

"Well, I must excuse me. I fell off a haystack in summer—hen's first and struck a jug of jug full of hard cider. My memory has been rather shaky since then. Split the jug into fifteen pieces. My name is Boone—Walter Boone."

"Yes."

"Did I ask you if you wanted to swap jackknives?"

"No."

"I generally mention that the first thing, so as to have it off my mind. I swapped forty two times last year and got beat every time. Did I ask if you were from Philadelphia?"

"No."

"I generally get that off my mind as soon as I can. I've got a brother living there but I don't care particularly about hearing from him. He never writes unless some of his family's sick. Did I explain that I was no relation to Daniel Boone?"

"You did not."

"Another lapse of memory. I generally carry a card with me on which it is stated that I am no relation. But I've left it to home, I suppose. We are a different set of Boones altogether. Was I telling you about the old woman?"

"No."

"Couldn't remember whether I did or not. That trouble has made me tackety in the head. I'm afraid the old woman is laid up for the winter. She was chasing a hen through the calf lot one day in her bare feet and she stepped on an old scythe in the grass. Heard her holler a mile. Hen got away. Did I stump you to trade watches?"

"No."

"I generally do that the first thing. I suppose I've traded watches more times than any other man in America. I began with a seventy five dollar watch and have got down to a Waterbury with only two wheels in it. Did I ask if you owned a horse?"

"I don't remember that you did."

"Scuse me, but my memory aint what she used to be. I generally mention hoss the first thing when I meet a man, cuss I'm a buster on train hosses. I'd git out o bed an I walk six miles in a thunderstorm to trade hosses. I began with a span worth $900, and I've got down to the lankest, scrankiest, 30-year-old you ever did see. If he'd lay down in the medder for a week the crows wouldn't even look at him. Did I ask if you lived in Jersey City?"

"I didn't hear you."

"Well, I probably forgot to, and I beg your pardon. Guess I mentioned, how ever, that I'm goin to town to buy some barbed wire for a fence. That's the name, isn't it—barbed wire?"

"Yes."

"Got it put down somewhere, but I can't trust my memory since I fell kerplunk on that jug. Don't want to swap jackknives or watches or train hosses, eh?"

"Not today."

"Well, I thought I'd ask ye, anyhow. I'm Boone."

"Yes."

"No relation to Daniel?"

"No."

"I think that's about all. If you think of anything else you want to ask me you'll find me on that 'rear front seat to the left. I'll trade knives unsight and unseen or swap watches and give you fifty cents to boot.—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

News from St. Augustine.

"They say, wrote Nellie, that poor Miss Hawkins has gone into a decline, is it so?"

"Yes, replied Billy, she has. I got some of the decline last night."—Puck.

Remarkable Enterprise.

Wooden—What do you consider the greatest piece of enterprise you ever saw?

Brunson—Well, I suppose old man Mason's giving all the most enterprising time he knew.

Wooden—What was it?

Brunson—Why, he heard that Signor Bisso Perfino was in the city and he went right out and hired a hall and made a fool of himself.—Puck.

A Bright Meteor.

[illegible] drunk [illegible] the [illegible]

Surprised His Friends.

[illegible] Billy [illegible] turn out.

[illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] he went to prison [illegible] crybaby [illegible] the fourth [illegible] passing sixes.—New York Epoch.

She Knew He Will Come Back.

An Atchison woman has disposed her husband to stay at home and to take to sewing. He [illegible] the Oklahoma country, the other day and she is saving up money to pay his fare back.—Atchison Globe.

A GREAT ACTRESS.

SARA BERNHARDT AT HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

Her Early Struggles, Successes, Studio Pads and Fancies—A Delicate Constitution and a Slim Figure in Personal Contact with the Great Artist.

Paris, Oct. 12.—Little Sarah, after passing her school years in a convent at Versailles, wished to be something extraordinary, either a saint or a comedienne. And she chose the latter.

Her mother, a short, fat Dutch woman, took her to the conservatory where the introductory examinations were satisfactorily passed in spite of reciting the fable of Les Deux Pigeons to the director's tutor.

Sarah proved a hard working pupil. She made a hit on the day of competition, and gained the right to a trial performance at the Theater Francais. The debut was a failure. The audience had not applauded which engaged the young debutant to such a degree that she forced the ears of an actress. Besides Madame Jouslin, nobody to-day has any recollection of this first appearance.

Not before January, 1869, do we hear anything of her again.

One evening in the green room of the Odeon the artists had assembled a little more nervous than usual as some new pieces had to be tried, among them a one act comedy in rhymes by a young author. It was Coppee's Le Passant, a little masterpiece of stage literature though nobody expected much of it that night.

The leading part, an Italian troubadour named Zanetto, was entrusted to a young girl who sat rather nervous and lonesome in her pretty costume. A cap with a feather was pressed negligently on her yellow hair, hanging loose about her shoulders; a velvet jacket laced with white cords, and tights covering her rather lean and angular limbs completed her costume. It was the exact imitation of the "Florentine Singer," the famous statue by Dubois now in the Luxembourg gallery.

The other members of the company paid but little attention to her, except to joke about her gestures, gait and make up, and her pretensions to assume a leading part.

"What an ill shaped woman!" remarked one of her rivals.

And in truth her most realistic costuming left no doubt about her form. She was thin to a ridiculous degree, even the bones and hollows of her limbs were perceptible, her hands and feet were too large for the slender body and far from beautiful in shape.

This youngest actress, was Sarah Bernhardt, then about 23 years old. She had met with but little success hitherto. Like Lillian Russell she had appeared in flesh colored tights in burlesque to get an opening. The papers had not yet mentioned her name. Only the great, fat critic, Sarcey had written a few lines about her, and Pierre Lotti, an elegant, jolly young naval officer, and now a well known author and member of the academy, was among her first admirers.

She stepped out on the stage with pale melancholy features, showing traces of Jewish descent in the delicate, refined manner of the French Israelite. The movements of her tall and serpentine form so supine and odd, so refined without any searching for coquetry, already betrayed the nervous will power which has often mesmerized her audience in late years. Her play was noble and natural, so natural, indeed, that some failed to see the beauty of it.

Her, soft, deep voice, capable of endless modulation penetrated into the soul of the audience and called indefinitely to mind a sultry evening with its tender caresses, or the warm heavy breath wafted from a field of clover.

Even Turgenyew, who has said very bitter things about her, could not help acknowledging: "I have never heard such a wonderful voice."

The unexpected success of this evening was her first step to fame. (Other male parts she rendered successfully were Zaharie in "Athalie" and the Marquis de Villemiers.)

Her next appearance of importance was in the "Etrangere" by Dumas. She only represented a comical freaky heartless woman, whom the poet had imagined demoniacal, but whom the actress possessed only the power to render grotesque and bizarre. Her costume was striking, she wore an extravagant dress, a combination of red and yellow, and her hedgehog resembled the comb of a peacock.

Her voice ruled the conversations as an organ rules the divine service. In the second act when she relates the story of her youth to the duchess, she developed remarkable snakelike windings and curves, which set Paris talking for some days.

A picture "Nero Trying Poison on One of His Slaves" was exhibited in the salon of 1876. The slave twisted himself in spiral contortions on the marble floor and the Parisians affirmed that the painter was inspired in his creation of the "Writhing Slave" by the "Etrangere."

Her phenomenal leanness is proverbial in Paris and the constant theme of many criticisms. An officer once remarked that she could hide in the barrel of a gun. A dressmaker said Sarah could make herself a dress out of a thread. An art critic asserted that Sarah could drink from a well without wetting her cheeks and a professor of zoology that in consequence of her extraordinary leanness she could take her place near the giraffes.

Her leanness [illegible] with a very delicate constitution. It does not hinder her from a very healthy appetite. She relishes strong drinks, liqueurs, Russian tea and [illegible].

She [illegible] Bernhardt Pierate in a fabulous [illegible] constitution and [illegible] from her [illegible] which she [illegible] group.

After the Theater Sarah wrote the drama "The Golden Pippin" and the sketch "[illegible]." She represented the [illegible] in "Dalila" and "La Nuit."

However the greatest success of her career was in the [illegible] "Angelo, Tyran de Padoue." In Rome [illegible] dressed in a [illegible] or a servant [illegible] the [illegible] by a head appeared in the [illegible] who strode along, [illegible] while her haggard, nearly transparent face framed in grey hair were an expression of classic calmness bright toned by the white of her eyeballs, a mixture of admiration passed through the audience.

Her role was short and [illegible] had to die on the [illegible] daughter [illegible] pursuers and afterward [illegible] her own hand [illegible] priestess was really [illegible] can be compared to the [illegible] in her voice when [illegible] judges to acquit her [illegible]. And when pressing the vestal [illegible] last time [illegible] searched with trembling [illegible] spot to deal the fatal blow [illegible] skeptic critics felt a tear [illegible] their cheeks. After the [illegible] matron left the stage the [illegible] murmuring in the [illegible] minute. Rachel was the [illegible] from mouth to mouth.

The end of her career is known. She has only [illegible] time with some startling [illegible] colors and drive to the [illegible] after it is wired to the [illegible] the earth. She has created [illegible] the Swedish gloves [illegible] shoulders the directoire costume. We all know her peculiar hat [illegible] wrapping herself in a tight fitting dress draped in straight vertical lines. Her long trains, the strange [illegible] her hair, etc.

To her the actress owes [illegible] ing is due.

Madame Doche, who created [illegible] wore dresses, which altogether cost only 30,000 francs, sounds enough. But Bernhardt's outfit cost 300,000 francs.

The only time I met Sarah Bernhardt personally was under very strange circumstances.

My uncle having married [illegible] Rachel enjoyed quite an extension of acquaintanceship in theatrical circles. So it came to pass that on a New Years Eve about 9 p.m. a company of about twenty four people met by invitation at my uncle's villa, near Longjumeau in the park of which stands the tomb where Adolphe Adam composed his "Postillion."

Sarah Bernhardt was the hostess, the relatives having placed the grounds at her disposal for the evening. She arrived accompanied by her mother, Rosa Bernhardt, a handsome but effeminate looking man who spends his mother's income as quickly as she earns it. The suppleness and nervous grace of his mother had been bequeathed to him.

I watched her descend from the carriage. Simply the way in which she managed her skirts breathed an atmosphere of the French theater and Parisian salon. Entering the parlor she threw off the domino. She was dressed in a so-called Bernhardt gown, a loose dark blue cashmere with a high collar and two rows of black fur down the front and a V shaped belt.

The exquisite touches of grace and lightness she displayed in each of her movements. She moved as if she was playing a new role, having invested it with a hundred cunning and original begin's ments. Her conversation, sparkling as champagne, was spiced with clever "mots" and inimitable drawls of satire at the expense of others. Her speech is emphasized by pathetic accents and expressive mimicry, but only a few gestures. If silent she has always an air of being slightly bold. Despite her genuine Parisian extravagance she behaves like the most refined society lady and all her intimate acquaintances say that she is sedate and even reticent. The cause of our assembly was a secret, but we knew there was a surprise in store for us. In the courtyard a heavy wagon was standing and several footmen were busy carrying its mysterious contents to the sloping before the villa.

The time passed quickly in gay conversation around the dinner table. Towards midnight we were requested to dodon our out door garbs to take a walk in the park. Some of us could not help shaking our heads at the prospect of leaving a warm room for the snow covered park. Yet we wrapped up as best we could.

Outside an unexpected spectacle awaited us. A large number of logs were heaped in a huge pile and set fire to. A number of camp chairs were spread out on the ground. Several large silver bowls, half filled with ice and rum were placed at random, they were waiting to be filled with champagne.

It was now a few minutes of midnight. We all waited a breathless silence for the stroke of 12 from the clock of the village church. The champagne was uncorked and poured in the bowls, and at the same time very strange drinking vessels were handed to us, human skulls plated inside with silver. A murmur of astonishment murmured with the night wind. Even Sarah Bernhardt's most intimate friends were surprised, though it is generally known that she has ornamented her rooms with a dozen of skulls.

The drinking vessels were filled to the brim, and now Mme. Bernhardt raised hers high above her yellow head. At this moment the clock began to strike 12; 1, 2—it rang out clearly in the frosty New Year's morning and then our hostess cried: "Ladies and gentlemen may all of you enjoy life in the new year!"

We all shook hands wishing one another a happy new year.

"Having overcome our first aversion to drinking from human skulls, the strange vessels were filled again and again and conversation waxed louder and more boisterous. The flames rising from the burning pile filled the grounds with the quaint shadows of the surrounding trees and threw a ruddy light on our animated faces. At last when the bowls were empty and [illegible] the old father [illegible] stairs [illegible].

[illegible] the country wrapped in snow in [illegible] of night a white plain under a starlit sky, [illegible] and there with a stretch of dark forest land, lighted here and there by a touch of color, the lights of a neighboring village, and at the horizon the reflection of the innumerable illuminations of Paris.

Then the party rode up, mounted their carriages and started off at full gallop over the deserted country to the nearest depot from where a special train took them to Paris.

PASTURAGE.

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CHAPTER X.

DISCOVERY OF HISPANIOLA.

While Columbus was steering at large across the eastern extremity of Cuba, undetermined what course to take, he descried land to the southeast gradually increasing upon the view, its high mountains towering above the clear horizon and giving evidence of an island of great extent. The Indians, on beholding it, exclaimed Bohio, the name by which Columbus understood them to designate some country which abounded in gold. When they saw him standing in that direction they showed great signs of terror, imploring him not to visit it, assuring him by signs that the inhabitants were fierce and cruel, that they had but one eye and were cannibals. The wind being unfavorable and the night long, during which they did not dare to make sail in these unknown seas, they were a great part of two days working up to the island.

In the transparent atmosphere of the tropics objects are descried at a great distance, and the purity of the air and serenity of the deep blue sky give a peculiar effect to the scenery. Under this advantage the beautiful island of Bohio revealed itself to the eye as they approached. Its mountains were higher and more rocky than those of the other islands, but the rocks rose from among rich forests. The mountains sloped down into luxuriant plains and green savannas, while the appearance of cultivated fields, of numerous fires at night and columns of smoke by day, showed it to be populous. It rose before them in all the splendor of tropical vegetation, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, and doomed to be one of the most unfortunate.

In the evening of the 6th of December Columbus entered a harbor at the west end of the island, to which he gave the name of St. Nicholas, by which it is called at the present day. The harbor was spacious and deep, surrounded with large trees, many of them loaded with fruit, while a beautiful plain extended in front of the port, traversed by a fine stream of water. From the number of canoes seen in various parts there were evidently large villages in the neighborhood, but the natives had fled with terror at sight of the ships.

Leaving the harbor of St. Nicholas on the 7th, they coasted along the northern side of the island. It was lofty and mountainous, but with green savannas and long sweeping plains. At one place they caught a view up a rich and smiling valley that ran far into the interior, between two mountains, and appeared to be in a high state of cultivation.

For several days they were detained in a harbor which they called Port Concepcion, a small river, emptied into it after winding through a delightful country. The coast abounded with fish, some of which even leaped into their boats, they cast their nets, therefore, and took plenty quantities, and among them several kinds similar to those of Spain—the first fish they had met with in mid ocean those of their own country. The notes of the bird which they mistook for the nightingale, and of several others to which they were accustomed.

Landed there, strongly of the groves of their distant Andalusia. They finished the exploring of the surrounding country and found those of the more beautiful provinces of Spain, and in consequence the admiral named the island Hispaniola.

In hopes of establishing some intercourse with the natives, who had abandoned the coast on his arrival, he dispatched six men, well armed, into the interior. They found several cultivated fields and traces of roads and places where fires had been made, but the inhabitants had fled with terror to the mountains.

Though the whole country was solitary and deserted, Columbus consoled himself with the idea that they must be populous towns in the interior, where the people had taken refuge, and the fires he had beheld had been signal fires, like those lighted up on the mountains of Spain in the times of Moorish sway, to give the alarm when there was any invasion of the seaboard.

On the 12th of December Columbus with great solemnity, erected a cross on a conspicuous eminence at the entrance of the harbor in sign of having taken possession. As three sailors were rambling about the vicinity they beheld a large number of the natives, who immediately took flight, but the sailors pursued them and captured a young female, whom they brought to the ships. She was perfectly naked—a bad omen as to the civilization of the island—but an ornament of gold in the nose gave hope of the precious metal. The admiral soon soothed her terror by his kindness, and by presents of beads, brass rings, hawks' bells and other trinkets, and having had her clothed, sent her on shore, accompanied by several of the crew and three of the Indians interpreters. She well pleased with his mercy and with the treatment she had experienced that she would gladly have remained with the Indian women whom she found on board. The party sent with her returned on board late in the night, without venturing to her village, which was far inland. Confident of the favorable impression which the report given by the woman must produce, the admiral on the following day dispatched nine stout men, well armed to seek the village, accompanied by a native of Cuba as an interpreter. They found it about four and a half leagues to the west, in a fine valley, on the banks of a beautiful river. It contained 1,000 houses, but the inhabitants fled as they had done before.

The interpreter overtook them and assured them of the goodness of these strangers who had descended from the heavens, went about the world making precious and beautiful presents. Thus reassured, the natives ventured back to the number of 2,000. They approached the Spaniards with slow and trembling steps, often pausing and raising their hands upon their heads, in token of profound reverence and fear. They were a well formed race, fairer and handsomer than the natives of the other islands. While the Spaniards were conversing with them by means of their interpreter, another multitude approached, headed by the husband of the female captive. They brought her in triumph on their shoulders, and the husband was profuse in his gratitude for the kindness with which she had been treated, and the magnificent presents which had been bestowed upon her.

The Indians now conducted the Spaniards to their houses, and set before them cassava-bread, fish, roots and fruits of various kinds. They brought also great numbers of domesticated parrots, and indeed offered freely whatever they possessed. The great river flowing through this valley was bordered with noble forests, among which were palms, bananas, and many trees covered with fruit and flowers. The air was mild as in April, the birds sang all day long, and some were even heard in the night. The Spaniards had not learned as yet to account for the difference of seasons in this opposite part of the globe; they were astonished to hear the voice of this supposed nightingale singing in the midst of December, and considered it a proof that there was no winter in this happy climate. They returned to the ships enraptured with the beauty of the country, surpassing, as they said, even the luxuriant plains of Cordova. All that they complained of was that they saw no signs of riches among the natives.

And here it is impossible to refrain from dwelling on the picture given by the first discoverers of the state of manners in this eventful island before the arrival of the white men. According to their accounts the people of Hayti existed in that state of primitive and savage simplicity which some philosophers have fondly pictured as the most enviable on earth, surrounded by natural blessings, without even a knowledge of artificial wants. The fertile earth produced the chief part of their food almost without culture; their rivers and sea-coast abounded with fish, and they caught the utia, the iguana, and a variety of birds. This, to beings of their frugal and temperate habits, was great abundance, and what nature furnished thus spontaneously they willingly shared with all the world.

Hospitality, we are told, was with them a law of nature universally observed, there was no need of being known to receive its succors; every house was as open to the stranger as his own. Columbus, too, in a letter to Luis de St. Angel, observes: "True it is that after they felt confidence and lost their fear of us, they were so liberal with what they possessed that it would not be believed by those who had not seen it. If anything was asked of them they never said no, but rather gave it cheerfully, and showed as much amity as if they gave their very hearts; and whether the thing were of value or of little price they were content with whatever was given in return. In all these islands it appears to me that the men are all content with one wife, but they give twenty to their chieftain or king. The women seem to work more than the men, and I have not been able to understand whether they possess individual property, but rather think that whatever one has all the rest share, especially in all articles of provisions."

One of the most pleasing descriptions of the inhabitants of this island is given by old Peter Martyr, who gathered it, as he says, from the conversations of the admiral himself. "It is certain," says he, "that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water, and that mine and thine, the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them. They are content with so little that in so large a country they have rather superfluity than scarcity, so that they seem to live in the golden world without toil, living in open gardens, not fortified with dikes, divided with hedges or defended with walls. They deal truly one with another, without laws, without books and without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another and albeit they delight not in superfluities, yet they make provision for the increase of such roots whereof they make their bread, contented with such simple diet whereby health is preserved and disease avoided."

Much of this picture may be overcolored by the imagination, but it is generally confirmed by contemporary historians. They all concur in representing the life of these islanders as approaching to the golden state of pastoral felicity: living under the absolute but patriarchal and easy rule of their caciques, free from pride, with few wants, an abundant country, a happy temperate climate and a natural disposition to careless and indolent enjoyment.

CHAPTER XI.

COASTING OF HISPANIOLA.

When the weather became favorable Columbus made another attempt on the 14th of December, to find the island of Babeque, but was again baffled by adverse winds. In the course of this attempt he visited an island lying opposite to the harbor of Conception, to which, from its abounding in turtle, he gave the name of Tortugas. The natives had fled to the rocks and forests, and alarm fires blazed along the heights. The country was so beautiful that he gave to one of the valleys the name of Vallo de Paraiso, or the Vale of Paradise, and called a fine stream the Guadalquivir, after that renowned river which flows through some of the fairest provinces of Spain.

Setting sail on the 16th of December at midnight, Columbus steered again for Hispaniola. When half way across the gulf which separates the islands, he perceived a canoe navigated by a single Indian, and, as on a former occasion, was astonished at his hardihood in venturing so far from land in so frail a bark and at his adroitness in keeping it above water, as the wind was fresh and there was some sea running. He ordered both him and his canoe to be taken on board; and having anchored near a village on the coast of Hispaniola, at present known as Puerto de Paz, he sent him on shore well regaled and enriched with various presents.

In the early intercourse with these people, kindness never seems to have failed in its effect. The favorable accounts given by this Indian, and by those with whom the Spaniards had communicated in their previous landings, dispelled the fears of the islanders. A friendly intercourse soon took place, and the ships were visited by a cacique of the neighborhood. From this chieftain and his counselors Columbus had further information of the island of Babeque, which was described as lying at no great distance.

No mention is afterward made of this island, nor does it appear that he made any further attempt to seek it. No such island exists in the ancient charts, and it is probable that this was one of the numerous misinterpretations of Indian words which led the first discoverers into so many fruitless researches. The people of Hispaniola appeared handsomer to Columbus than any he had yet met with, and of a gentle and peaceable disposition. Some of them had ornaments of gold, which they readily gave away or exchanged for any trifle. The country was finely diversified with lofty mountains and green valleys, which stretched away inland as far as the eye could reach. The mountains were of such easy ascent that the highest of them might be plowed with oxen, and the luxuriant growth of the forests manifested the fertility of the soil. The valleys were watered by numerous clear and beautiful streams; they appeared to be cultivated in many places, and to be fitted for grain, for orchards and pasturage.

While detained at this harbor by contrary winds Columbus was visited by a young cacique, who came borne by four men on a sort of litter and attended by 200 of his subjects. The admiral being at dinner when he arrived, the young chieftain offered his followers to remain without, and entering the cabin took his seat beside Columbus, not permitting him to rise or use any ceremony. Only two old men entered with him, who appeared to be his counselors, and who seated themselves at his feet. If anything were given him to eat or drink he merely tasted it and sent it to his followers, maintaining an air of gravity and dignity. He spoke but little, his two counselors watching his lips and catching and communicating his ideas. After dinner he presented the admiral with a belt curiously wrought and two pieces of gold.

Columbus gave him a piece of cloth, several amber beads, colored shoes and a flask of orange flower water; he showed him a Spanish coin on which were the likenesses of the king and queen, and endeavored to explain to him the power and grandeur of these sovereigns; he displayed also the royal banners and the standard of the cross, but it was all in vain to attempt to convey any clear idea by these symbols. The cacique could not be made to believe that there was a region on the earth which produced these wonderful people and wonderful things. He formed in the community the idea that the Spaniards were more than mortal, and that the country and sovereigns they talked of must exist somewhere in the skies.

In the evening the cacique was sent on shore in the boat with great ceremony, and a salute fired in honor of him. He departed in the state in which he had come, carried on a litter, accompanied by a great concourse of his subjects, not far behind him was his son, borne and escorted in like manner, and his brother on foot, supported by two attendants. The presents which he had received from the admiral were carried triumphantly before him.

They procured but little gold in this place, though whatever ornaments the natives possessed they readily gave away. The region of promise lay still further on, and one of the old counselors of the cacique told Columbus that he would soon arrive at islands rich in the precious ore. Before leaving this place the admiral caused a large cross to be erected on the center of the village, and from the readiness with which the Indians assisted, and their implicit imitations of the Spaniards in their acts of devotion, he inferred that it would be an easy matter to convert them all to Christianity.

On the 19th of December they made sail before daylight, but with an unfavorable wind, and on the evening of the 20th they anchored in a fine harbor, to which Columbus gave the name of St. Thomas, supposed to be what at present is called the Bay of Acul. It was surrounded by a beautiful and well peopled country. The inhabitants came off, some in canoes, some swimming, bringing fruits of various unknown kinds, of great fragrance and flavor. These they gave freely with whatever else they possessed, especially their golden ornaments, which they saw were particularly coveted by the strangers. There was a remarkable frankness and generosity about these people; they had no idea of traffic, but gave away every thing with spontaneous liberality. Columbus would not permit his people, however, to take advantage of this free disposition, but ordered that something should always be given in exchange. Several of the neighboring caciques visited the ships, bringing presents and inviting the Spaniards to their villages, where, on going to land, they were most hospitably entertained.

On the 22d of December, a large canoe filled with natives came on a mission from a grand cacique named Guacanagari, who commanded all that part of the island. A principal servant of the chieftain came in the canoe, bringing the admiral a present of a broad belt, wrought ingeniously with colored beads and bones, and a wooden mask, the eyes, nose and tongue of which were of gold. He delivered also a message from the cacique, begging that the ships might come opposite to his residence, which was on a part of the coast a little further to the eastward. The wind preventing an immediate compliance with this invitation the admiral sent the notary of the squadron, with several of the crew, to visit the cacique. He resided in a town, situated on a river, at what they called Punta Santa, at present Grande Riviere. It was the largest and best built town they had yet seen. The cacique received them in a kind of public square, which had been swept and prepared for the occasion, and treated them with great honor, giving to each a dress of cotton. The inhabitants crowded around them, bringing provisions and refreshments of various kinds. The seamen were received into their houses as distinguished guests; they gave them garments of cotton and whatever else appeared to have value in their eyes, asking nothing in return, but if anything were given appearing to treasure it up as a sacred relic.

The cacique would have detained them all night, but their orders obliged them to return. On parting with them, he gave their presents of jaracals and pieces of gold for the admiral, and they were attended to their boats by a crowd of the natives, carrying the presents for them, and vying with each other in rendering them service.

During their absence, the admiral had been visited by a great number of canoes and several inferior caciques; all assured him that the island abounded with wealth; they talked especially of Cibao, a region in the interior, farther to the east, the cacique of which, as far as they could be understood, had banners of wrought gold. Columbus, deceiving himself as usual, fancied that this name Cibao must be a corruption of Cipango, and that this chieftain with golden banners must be identical with the magnificent prince of that island mentioned by Marco Polo.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

Not Much.

"Why the dence don't you give me the right number?" was the question asked in emphatic tones of the girl at Central yesterday afternoon.

"You are no gentleman," responded the telephone girl angrily.

"You bet I ain't," said the typewriter girl, who is adopting her employer's mode of speech.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Retribution.

She—You was very depressed. I didn't know you cared so much for your uncle.

He—I didn't. But I was the means of keeping him in an insane asylum the last year of his life, and now that he has left me all his money, I've got to prove that he was of sound mind.—Life.

In the Madding Crowd.

Mary (softly)—Pardon me, I didn't mean to tumble against you, but this jostling is so trying.

William (gently)—Make no apologies, dear. It's just what I like. In fact, in all your life I want you to fall against your Will.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

THE WORLD'S BIG BANKS.

SOME NOTABLE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARIES AT HAND.

The Conditions Under Which Great Financial Enterprises Are Created—The United States, English, Scotch and French Banks—Enormous Swindles.

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Banks and banking are always subjects of interest, but just now there is a revival of interest, as there is a conjunction of anniversaries coming on. First, the centennial of the United States bank of 1791 is at hand, and its legitimate successor, the national banking system, is just entering on its final trial for continuance. The bicentennial of the great Bank of England comes in 1894, and that institution has also entered on a severe trial.

The mystery of banking is discussed more than ever by the world's financiers, and the opinion is gaining ground that the day for banks of issue is past. That here after, in America at least, all the money is to be issued by governments. So let us take a hasty glance at the banks of modern times, note their evolution and their very curious ups and downs. The important fact, and a most suggestive one it is, is that nearly all the great banks of the world originated in times of war and confusion, debased money and widespread bankruptcy. Finance appears to be one of the things in which mankind in general only learn by the most painful experience, and never go right until they have exhausted all possible modes of going wrong.

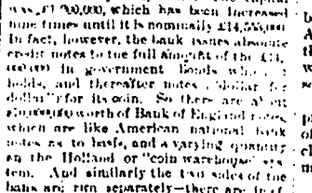
First in time, and long the model, was the Bank of Venice, which was founded in 1171 and fell with the republic in 1797—a life of 626 years. The Bank of Genoa got into full operation in 1407. The Bank of Amsterdam was established in 1609, the Bank of Hamburg in 1619, the Bank of Rotterdam in 1635, the Bank of Stockholm in 1688, the Bank of England in 1694, the Bank of Scotland in 1695, and then the world took a rest on banking. Indeed, there was a reaction. France went through her wild financial spree with John Law, and almost every one of the American colonies experimented in paper money with amazing recklessness.

The Revolution brought matters to a head by the simple process of sending all the money to pot. The Colonial financiers had proved that the new nation could not go through the war on a coin basis, but the paper money went to nothing before the war was half over, and then, with all the added difficulties, they managed somehow to get on to a coin basis to finish the war. The resulting debris was red hot both in congress and without, but the outcome was that early in 1791 the act establishing the first Bank of the United States passed, the capital allowed being $10,000,000, of which $1,000,000 was to be taken by the United States as an individual.

The seat of the bank was at Philadelphia, with power in the president and directors to establish branches elsewhere for discount, deposit and redemption of the bank's notes. This bank expired by limitation March 4, 1811, and then there was another hot fight over a charter. The country went through the war of 1812-15 in a little better shape than through the Revolution—and but little. On the 4th of March, 1816, the bill creating the second Bank of the United States passed the house of representatives by a vote of 80 to 71, after one of the hottest fights in American political history, in which the party almost completely changed sides. All the leading Federalists opposed it, but Clay and Calhoun forced it through.

Its capital was but $35,000,000, yet it stood a whole generation of Americans into "kerniny fits." It ran the politics of the nation for a dozen years, and after skipping everybody else Nicholas Biddle, the president, and his coadjutors were cash enough to tackle Andrew Jackson, and were crushed, of course. The bank fell with a great ruin, and there was chaos till the next great war, when the present system was adopted. In the meantime France had run the same round of legal tender paper money, but in a much shorter period, and in 1803 the present Bank of France was established.

A very entertaining book might be compiled of the arguments for each of the national banks named, but there would be some danger of monotony in the style, for the same arguments have been repeated for 800 years and often in almost the same words. The reasons urged in Venice were, "Exhaustion consequent on the long war and the necessity of making personal credit quickly available for the necessities of the state in an emergency." For a long time there was only transfer of credits on the books of the bank, they bills certifying to the holder's credit there were issued, and finally these bills passed as money. The bank established a coin standard, and all



THE BANK OF SCOTLAND.

coin that came in from other sources had to conform to that standard by weight. The difference was often 20 per cent, a fact sometimes stated thus, "The bank's notes were at 20 per cent. premium above coin," which is manifest nonsense, as it is equivalent to saying that a promise to pay was worth 20 per cent. more than the cash.

The Bank of Amsterdam was only a coin warehouse; that is, it guaranteed payment in coin of a certain weight and fineness of all bills drawn on Amsterdam. After doing that in every case for 183 years it got on the losing side in the French wars, exhausted its resources and went to smash in 1794. Three years later the Bank of England suspended specie payments and did not resume till 1821. The credit of originating this wonderful institution has been, after some discussion, reluctantly conceded to William Paterson, the Scotch adventurer and enterpriser. I say "reluctantly," because this man was so erratic and made such a disastrous failure of the Darien colony that Englishmen found it hard to believe that he designed their famous bank.

The reasons given were the same as in Venice, almost the same as those given by Secretary Chase for the national banks. The war of William and Mary with France made the bank a necessity, and on the 27th of April, 1694, the act creating it received the royal signature. The capital was $5,000,000, which has been increased nine times until it is nominally $14,500,000. In fact, however, the bank issues absolute credit notes to the full amount of the $14,500,000 in government bonds which it holds, and thereafter notes "pay to bearer" for its coin. So there are about $30,000,000 worth of Bank of England notes, which are like American national bank notes as to basis, and a varying quantity as the Holland or "coin warehouse" system. And similarly the two sides of the bank are run separately—there are, in effect, two great banks under one roof and one management, and a total collapse of the discount and deposit side would have no effect whatever on the credit of the notes.

It is not true, however, that the notes have always been thus guaranteed for there was a time when once they fell 20 per cent. below gold par and once, under extraordinary circumstances, the stock went 40 per cent. below par. This was but a few years after its establishment. The government borrowed the capital by $1,000,000 and promises of peace coming soon after, the stock bounded in a few days from 60 below to 12 above par, creating of course a wide spread commotion and strewing the street with the "corpses of the bears."

The Bank of Scotland was established immediately after the Bank of England, and the Scotch have proved in general the most sagacious bankers; but it was nearly a century later that the Bank of Ireland was established. There is something ridiculous, curious in the attitude different races assume toward banks, but in general it may be said that the so called "popular party" in each nation is instinctively opposed to concentration. "The unknown is always great," and generally alarming—so, as the popular element prevails in any nation, banks of issue must go out of existence.

July 17, 1894, will be celebrated as the bicentennial of the Bank of Scotland; that of England is not fixed, save that it is to be in 1894. A full history of this bank would be interesting as any romance, especially the frauds and forgeries. Twice in its career it has lost sums amounting to $1,500,000 by fraudulent frauds, and at one time it lost $500,000 a year for ten years. At another time its notes were counterfeited so successfully that the bank itself redeemed many of them. John Matheson, a Scotch engraver, confessed to having put out $500,000 worth of these notes just before he was "turned off" at Tyburn.

But the greatest fraud ever perpetrated in England was that of 1814. On a stormy day in February of that year a very richly dressed gentleman landed from a boat at Dover, called for post horses to London, and gave his name as Lieutenant Colonel Dubourg. He said that he had bribed a smuggler to cross the channel in the great storm then prevailing, as events of the greatest importance had occurred. Napoleon Bonaparte had been killed in the civil of affairs, his army had broken up and the allied armies were in or near Paris. In five minutes the fastest horses to be had in Dover were bearing the news in every direction and stocks of all kinds rose with a bound. The conspirators who organized the fraud realized a little over $10,000,000 in

ENTRANCE TO BANK OF FRANCE.

one day. And before the Bank of England rallied from this shock came the perfectly reckless forgeries of Henry Fauntleroy, by which it lost £300,000, or nearly $1,500,000. The story goes that after the reason of forgery passed and the law set in its work then accordingly hung him one day. Such are some of the experiences of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle street."

J. H. BEADLE.

In Memory of Garibaldi.

That Garibaldi still has a large place in the affections of the French and Italians was shown the other day by the monster demonstration at Nice, the occasion being the unveiling of a statue of the famous patriot. The memorial is a handsome work of art. Garibaldi is represented standing, bareheaded, in his traditional costume of a loose shirt and heavy cloak, his left hand resting on the handle of his saber, while the right is clasped to express determination. The pose is excellent, like the intent expression of the face. On the front of the pedestal is a group showing France and Italy leaning over the cradle of Garibaldi as an infant, with the words beneath, "To Garibaldi, his native town, 1891." The opposite side shows allegorical figures of the Powers escorting Peace, and below is a heap of bronze wreaths with the dates, "Nice, 1807, Capriera, 1882." Two lions guard the sides of the monument, one with its paw on a cannon marked "1860"—the date of Nice being annexed to France, and the other in similar pose, with the date "1870, Fannee terrible."

Progress in Venezuela.

The state department has received advices from Venezuela announcing that the republic had decided to erect a seminary for the higher education of women at Caracas to accommodate 300 students. The government last year established four immigration offices in Europe, which are already giving satisfactory results, and in many ways the republic seems entering on an era of enterprise and advancement.

Statistics of Horticulture.

According to a recent census report there are in the United States 4,510 nurseries, valued at $47,268,835.80 and occupying 172,808 acres of land, with an invested capital of $52,[illegible], giving employment to 40,601 men, 2,259 women and 15,[illegible] animals, and using in the propagation and cultivation of trees and plants $[illegible] worth of implements.

Not Like His Mother's.

There's a young man recently married—that is to say, a year or so ago, living on St. Antoine street who ought to be in the diplomatic service.

His wife had pie for dinner the other day, and he went into it with a vim.

His wife watched him with peculiar pleasure.

"How do you like it?" she asked after the first bite.

"Um—well," he said, with his mouth full, "you don't make pie like my mother used to."

Her face reddened and the tears started faintly on her eyelashes. She had made that pie herself and she had told him so.

"No," he continued after waiting a minute for her to say something; "no, Fannie, you don't. My mother couldn't make a pie fit to eat, and this is simply glorious."—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted to Be Consistent.

Mr. Weatherly was sitting in his office, when a young man came in and presented a bill for ten dollars.

"Look here, young fellow, it seems that you people are in considerable of a hurry for money."

"I don't think so, sir. You have owed it for a year."

"Yes, for a year; but let me tell you that I am fifty-one years old. So you see there were fifty years of my life during which I didn't owe it. Just think of it—didn't owe a cent for fifty years. Now I don't see what better record you want than that."—Arkansaw Traveler.

He Should Have Stopped.

A good story is told, but nobody is bound to believe it as an article of faith. A rustic deacon had to announce that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A., would "star" it at the chapel. He did so to the following effect:

"The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' wife will preach;" and he added, with that love of amplification which is habitual in his class, "We hope the old lady will give us a good discourse."—Living Church.

The Chinese Quarter in London.

The "Chinese quarter" in London consists of three very small houses in Limehouse causeway, a narrow street running out of West India Dock road, not far from the dock gates. In these houses all the accommodation is a couple of small rooms or stalls, frequented by a Chinaman's labor for smoking and gambling. A few sleep there, too, but space is limited.

The most vivid imagination cannot manufacture anything very dreadful out of these places. They are quite as clean and inoffensive as any other houses in the same locality, and at least as much may be said of their inmates.—St. James' Budget.

THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS AFRAID.

By R. N. Stephens.

This is the account of a brave thing done in the old days when, upon the sea, steam had not so greatly humiliated canvas. Steam vessels there were, but not so many as now there are.

How I came upon first knowledge of this heroic doing is this: Upon a tree less hillside, grass grown that falls undulatingly from farm land to roadway, near the center of Block island, is a cemetery. Never is it mournful here in summer, to bright is the shine of the sun, to cheering the music of the birds and the chirp of the sod's insects, so fair the view of fertile eminences and ponds and harbor hotels and bay and ocean and, in clearest weather, Rhode Island's coast a score of miles away.

Upon the softest July noontime I beheld here seven graves sharing one smooth, gray stone at the head of the middle mound; upon the stone this record:

IN MEMORIAM.

To commemorate the loss of the schooner Warrior on Sandy Point, Block Island, October, 1891, this tablet is erected by a friend who desires to reiterate the memory of that sad event and to mark the place of interment of those who were rescued from the sea. Twenty-one persons perished. Seven were cast upon this island and are buried here, names unknown.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

1891.

Which body has the middle grave I know not, whether it be of captain, mate or seaman. Some say the captain and his mate have been removed. Of this I cannot speak. But well I know which of seven men merited that his grave should have the chief place.

He was the man who came last to ship as seaman aboard the Warrior as she lay in Boston Harbor. A fine two mast schooner was the vessel, and Captain Scudder was properly proud of her as she sat along the wharf receiving cargo

ARE YOU THE CAPTAIN?

and passengers for New York. She was to sail with twenty souls upon her—seventeen men, two women and a colored maid servant. At the last moment the captain decided to augment his crew by one man more. Ere he made a move to engage one he heard a man's voice saying:

"Please tell me where the captain is."

He turned and faced the speaker, who was a tall, gaunt fellow of 30 years or thereabouts, with such diffidence of manner as required some courage in him to look the captain squarely in the face when the latter gruffly said:

"I'm the captain."

The man stood still, in an awkard attitude, under the captain's stern gaze, as if unable to find speech before so fierce a glance. He dropped his dull gray eyes to the deck and doffed his now shapeless hat and spoke, after a gulp, in a low voice that slightly trembled:

"If you please, may I work my passage to New York?"

The captain was moved by this speech to a faint facial demonstration of amusement. A pretty sailor this big, shamefaced man would make! The captain studied the applicant's appearance in detail. A homely fellow he was, with an unhealthy brown hue to his skin, a forehead into which some lines of sorrow had been wrought, roving eyes that met one's glance with a slightly startled look, a hazzard face without whiskers, a receding chin, bent shoulders and a

HE RAN.

graceless way of wearing his faded and frayed attire. Red hands and long wrists protruded from the two short sleeves of his worn-out blouse.

"What do you know about sailing?" asked the captain, in a tone of ridicule.

"Not much, sir. I've worked with fishermen off Cape Cod, and I know a little about handling a smack."

"I reckon we don't need you. Ever been on a schooner before at all?"

"Often as a passenger, sir. I know I'm not a seaman. But I'll do anything. I want to get back to my people in New York."

"You look strong enough, but why do you hang your head like that? One would think you were a coward."

"I am," said the man in a low voice.

"What? Why, why, man?"

"Yes. Why not? I've fought hard against it, but I can't help it. I make up my mind to be brave enough, but when the time comes for it I'm afraid."

The captain had never met such a character as this before and he was interested. A few other loungers on the wharf stopped to overhear the conversation; their attention first attracted by the great height of the man.

"Afraid of what?" asked the captain.

"I don't know. Of death, I suppose. This is how it is. I came from New York with a comrade. I go back alone. We came to work in New Bedford. We didn't do well there and so we went out on Cape Cod and tried fishing. One day when we were out in a little sloop a storm came up and in a sudden lurch of the boat my partner was knocked overboard by the boom. In a half minute the boat was several fathoms away from him. He couldn't swim."

"Why didn't you throw him a line?" asked a bystander—he who preserved the details of this part of the story.

"Because I was afraid of my own coward's life! I didn't dare to let go the tiller for a moment. I stood there stupid with fear, afraid to leave the boat for an instant, afraid of death. I felt like a man paralyzed. As the boat rose and fell on the waves I watched my friend struggle in the sea. I saw him throw up his arms; I saw his face white with terror; I heard him cry out, "Save me!"—and then he must have read what was in my scared face, for he shouted, "Coward!"—and sent me a look of hate as the waters covered him up. I don't know how I made land, but I got in safe after six hours of tossing, when the gale fell. I'd give my life, if I only could, to know that I wasn't a coward, but when the time comes to show it I haven't the power. You don't know the shame of it, sirs, but you would if you could see that look on my comrade's face, and if his last cry rang in your ears day and night. Cowardice is upon me like a curse. It's the blight of my life, sir."

Such evident shame and grief were upon the man's face that all who heard, including the captain, were moved to some pity of his state, and so much curiosity had he excited in the captain's mind that he was employed for the voyage to New York.

When the Warrior hoisted sail an hour later she had twenty one souls aboard. The captain classified them thus: Seventeen men, two women, a yellow girl and a coward.

The Warrior, had good winds at the start of her voyage and she blithely rounded Cape Cod, passed Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and making westward came in sight of rolling Block Island, a fair bit of well peopled earth rising out of the sea. On the evening of the 8th of April, the wind having fallen she lay becalmed at the eastward of the island.

Her few passengers were a merry party, doubtless, and saw nothing alarming in the schooner's situation. They had, perhaps, a sense of security in the nearness of the island, with its population of farmers, fishermen and brave surfmen. Looking southwestward they could see the fishing boats moored to the spiles in the little bay, for no other harbor had there been here since the destruction of the old "New Pier" of revolutionary times, of which remains are seen to this day by summer visitors going to the bathing beach. It was a pretty and peaceful sight at evening in the smooth waters. The passengers, I imagine, chatted and sang and were in the gayest of moods. But the crew must have seen an ominous look in the captain's face.

The new sailor could not have been an apprentice. The crew probably jeered him, but no doubtless bore the derision in a quiet, langdog way, whereupon the other seamen must have thought him a man of very poor spirit.

At night the Warrior drifted. Near morning the corrugated bluffs about Clay Head were south of the schooner. She was being carried past Grove Point and Cow Cove. One thing stood between her and the sound west of the island. That was Sandy Point, the northern end of the island, a narrow strip thrusting its tow out into the sea toward Rhode Island, being to the island like the snout to a swordfish.

Before dawn a wind rose, and at daylight, when the schooner was immediately landlocked by the side of the point, there was a heavy gale. White caps danced wildly upon the waters of the sound. The perturbation of the sea was becoming frightful.

William Weeden, keeper of the north light house—the first of four successfully erected on Sandy Point—an the situation of the vessel. He sent the news of her distress flying over the island, and hardy surfmen gathered on the shore.

That was before the day of life saving stations and organized rescuing apparatus. The islanders, sturdy, brave men, Anthony Littlefield, Weeden Gorton and the rest—could nothing but look on.

The passengers, pale with dread of the coming catastrophe, lashed themselves to the deck or clung to the rigging. Captain Scudder shouted the warning of the doom of the Warrior above the sound of the sea.

"Nothing under Heaven can change her course!"

Yet he and his crew strove, nevertheless, to the last. Every one on board knew that the vessel was drifting rapidly; that soon she must strike and he dashed to pieces.

The sea swept her deck and broke over her masts. Seven men hung to the rigging for life. They looked ashore. Only fifty yards away stood a group of island men helpless to succor those in peril as the latter were to save themselves.

Now the position of the vessel was this: Where Sandy Point drops beneath the sea, it does not end, but it is prolonged under the water, making thus a perilous sandbar. Out upon this bar was the Warrior. The island rule from the east and that from the west meet here. There is no more terrible place in a gale than that where two seas collide.

The storm grew. Such was the work of wind and sea that times were when the sand bar from the shore to the vessel was swept naked. But its nudity was speedily buried under the heaviest seas.

I need not tell of the final stroke of the schooner, when her bottom was driven up and both her masts were unstepped and fell, when her main deck was ripped up and her cargo swept dart. ward, some cotton, hides and carpenters' rules being borne ashore. Whether Benjamin T. Coe, who was inspector of customs for the island and a spectator of the wreck, ever carried out his intention of some day examining the sand in search of the bottom of the vessel, which he thought was buried with thirty tons of iron, I have never ascertained.

What I would tell is how passengers and crew, fatigued with labor and loss of sleep, assailed by a biting wind, at last succumbed to chill and numbness, and made no more effort.

Then arose one of their number, a tall, gaunt fellow, whom the captain had called the coward in Boston harbor; and he proceeded to belabor them and to keep them active that they might not perish from the cold.

"There's yet hope," he cried. "Keep alive—men!"

And one after another did he awaken by rude shaking, and warm by his rough embraces. Some caught his spirit, and by the labors of their weary muscles they set their frozen blood in quicker motion.

"But what use?" cried one. "The end must come."

"Ay, but there's one chance!" roared the coward, who now loomed up large and resolute. "Look! The sea has rolled back and left the bar naked. A man could run ashore on that, maybe, while the sea held back."

Two men laughed madly.

"Ay, maybe! Look now!" said one, with savage sarcasm.

The coward looked. The sea had swelled up and hidden the bar, far beneath its foaming waters.

"Yet one might try!" cried the coward.

Perhaps he was thinking of how the children of Israel had crossed the Red Sea when pursued by Pharaoh's army.

"Try you, then," shouted the other.

Now it is hard to meet death half way. It is against man's nature to seek destruction. Even though he knew it to be coming he has the hope of the cowardice to shrink from it to the last. Therefore, no sailor of them would leap into that sea or dare the deed suggested by the coward.

"If I succeed you will follow at the next fall of the sea?" he asked.

"What one man can do another can," was the reply.

The coward looked ashore. Sullenly the waters rolled apart. The sand bar was naked. The man jumped from the gunwale and ran.

The people on the vessel watched him with waking hope and cessation of breath. The hundreds of islanders on shore stood silent, thrilled, eager. No word was said. Only the sea spoke.

The man ran shoreward, with shoulders and head bent forward and eyes set. The sea rose on both sides of him. Two huge waves walled his roadway.

The roadway began to narrow. A turbulent high sea moved in pursuit of him. He lengthened and quickened his steps. It was a race between so small a thing, a man, and so great a thing, the storm-impelled ocean.

The ocean won. With a great roar it came down upon the man. But he could not be taken in flank, with his back to his enemy. He turned and faced the sea. He leaped into it head foremost. Afterward his body was cast upon the beach. The ocean had toyed with it and had then thrown it back to its own kind.

Those on the island saw that when the man turned to meet death a smile was on his face. He had discovered that he was not afraid to die.

R. N. STEPHENS.

CATARRH

Is a most loathsome, dangerous, and prevalent malady. It is a blood disease, usually of scrofulous origin, and for which local treatment is useless. Before health is possible, the poison must be eliminated from the system, and to do this

SUCCESSFULLY

the disease must be treated through the blood. For this purpose no remedy is so effective as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"For the past eight years, I have been severely afflicted with Catarrh, none of the many remedies I tried affording me any relief. My digestion was considerably impaired, and my sleep disturbed by phlegm dropping into my throat. In September last I resolved to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, began to use it at once, and am glad to testify to a great improvement in my health."—Frank Tyson, civil engineer, 501 West Fourth street, New York City.

"My daughter, 16 years old, was afflicted with Catarrh from her fifth year. Last August she was

TREATED WITH

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and after three months of this treat

THE KEELEY CURE.

Interesting Letter Regarding the Dwight Inebriate Institute.

The New York Times of Oct. 18 devotes four columns to the Keeley gold cure, comprising a general article on the subject together with correspondents' letters from White Plains, N. Y., the headquarters of the eastern section of the Keeley Institute, and from Dwight, Ills., the parent institution. We extract a follows from the Dwight correspondent's letter:

The patients now number about 700, 100 being women who are, for the most part, victims of the morphine habit. Nearly all of the brilliant corps of physicians have been cured here of drunkenness, and their interest in the patients is marked.

Few who have witnessed the "shooting" process at the Keeley institute can ever forget the sight of the hundreds of men in two long lines filing past the physicians, each to receive a hypodermic "shot." The faces provide a study not elsewhere found. The countenance may differ in enlightenment, but there is everywhere observable the same earnestness of purpose. Faces that were those of the sodden drunkard but a week ago now glow with health. The once bleared eye sparkles, the halting step has grown elastic, and the whole carriage of the man bespeaks the joy he feels at finding relief from his old master. He seems anxious to get away to herald the glad news to his wife and children. Here and there in the lines one notes the bloated face of the man who has just ended a debauch. He looks not upward, but toward the floor. He is skeptical of the results of the treatment. Soon he meets with people whose [illegible] him, forty drinks of whisky was their daily consumption. They exult at their cure, and never fail to improve the despondent one with hope. It has been frequently remarked that if a victim of alcoholism could have the association of these men for three weeks without even experiencing the treatment, it would be worth vastly more than [illegible] and would in many instances effect a cure. Purely Christian sympathy takes on a new meaning at Dwight, and no patient, however downcast, will fail to recognize the interest of his fellows and be lifted up.

The patients at the Keeley institute are usually bright and intelligent. As has been remarked, almost everybody worth saving comes to Dwight. There are here to-day three clergymen, twenty seven physicians, a score of lawyers, editors, and magazine writers, board of trade men and actors, merchants, farmers, many commercial travelers, two [illegible], one brewer, a [illegible], [illegible] men from all other vocations. Sons of two United States senators, a couple of single railway magnates, a renowned tenor singer, and several retired army officers are among the recent arrivals. They are men who have achieved honors and fortune, but have been sorely wounded in their battle with the bottle. They feel the need of recuperation and will go away notwithstanding with the liquor habit and in the fullest use of their mental faculties.

There are 125 [illegible] ats from Missouri. Chicago furnishes about 300 patients, among them several elderly men who are unwilling to carry their whitened locks to a drunkard's grave. Nearly every state is numerously represented, and within the [illegible] fortnight there were patients from Scotland, England, Canada and Mexico. A well known New Yorker, [illegible] been [illegible] in upper bar [illegible] for a wealth [illegible] [illegible] to meet his next neighbor here. A few [illegible] [illegible] tered her two [illegible] for the cure of the liquor and morphine habits. [illegible] they will never be known in [illegible] of the [illegible] physicians, only last night a society lady of Denver registered at the institute and asked to be put in the principal hotel. [illegible] was told at another Denver lady of prominence [illegible] [illegible] and that [illegible] to be sent [illegible] once to a remote part of the town. Neither [illegible] the other's presence here.

As to the [illegible] results of the treatment, it is claimed by Dr. Keeley that 95 per cent of the patients never relapse into drinking habits. The data on which this conclusion is based extend back to the earlier cures, [illegible]. The results have been formed in this matter by regular correspondence with graduates.

The class of patients with whom the Keeley cure is least effectual is the young men whose brain is not [illegible] by drink and whom liquor only [illegible] only to please their [illegible] [illegible] upon [illegible] without [illegible] [illegible] and feel [illegible] looking forward to the [illegible] of renewed dissipation. The [illegible] known the [illegible] and [illegible] liquor habit, are seldom willing to undergo the terrible experience of [illegible] to fill their cup of sorrow. They [illegible] as a rule.

Dr. Keeley does not claim for the gold cure at his [illegible] drink [illegible]. Unquestionably they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], however, to wholly abolish [illegible] [illegible] and to [illegible] as pure [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. If, [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] appetite for liquor, Dr. Keeley [illegible] help it.

At the meetings of the Bichloride of Gold club, [illegible] only of patients, letters are [illegible] morning from recent graduates. They sound like a benediction. They are all of the [illegible] and reflect the confidence of the writers in their complete [illegible]. The [illegible] listen with enthusiasm and are [illegible] stronger in faith. Frequently graduates return to visit and mingle with the patients. They see a world of good as they tell of their utter difference to the old [illegible].

Life in Dwight is in the highest degree enjoyable, and the three weeks slip [illegible]. The happiness of these men grows daily. They seldom fail to tell their fellows and come to their friends as soon as the whisky taste leaves them. They are [illegible] and are proud to relate that they have had whisky in their rooms for days without tasting it. This had never happened before in their long terms of slavery to rum. Many write letters to their home newspapers and are proud to sign their names to the articles.

The town of Dwight has grown amazingly and real estate has doubled in value since last spring. Forty houses are now in course of construction. The Alton road is building a handsome stone station, and the Keeley institute and laboratory will be removed during the present month to a $20,000 structure, now nearly complete. Dr. Keeley has purchased a tract of land upon which a large and comfortable hotel will be erected, and private parties have arranged to build another large one in the spring. The town is now crowded, and persons who expect to come should secure rooms in advance by writing to the institute.

Mr. Thornton K. Prime, widely known as the proprietor of Prime's Crop Bureau, and a son of the late Dr. S. [illegible] Prime, editor of the New York Observer, has lived in Dwight for twenty [illegible] and from close observation has come to indorse the gold cure. He said to-day that in Chicago he [illegible] Dwight graduates, and that [illegible] not require the fingers of one hand to count the backsliders. Chicago merchants recognize the value of the gold cure, and numerous instances are cited where graduates of Dwight are given the preference over other applicants for positions.

While professional temperance exhorters criticise the gold cure because it is not founded upon Bible precept, the number of fallen men who seek Dwight grows daily. They have been tried before the bar of a mother's love, of a wife's affection, and of a child's respect, and have been adjudged guilty. They have no desire or time to quarrel now with the Woman's Christian Temperance union. They embrace the gold cure as the only [illegible] by which they may regain their lost manhood. They prefer to be sober men and Christians [illegible].

[illegible]

If there is anything in a name, "The Dazzler" ought to be a brilliant farce-comedy and it is sure to dazzle in more ways than one. Aside from the fact that there is a rather more constant thread on which to string the various specialties than is found in the usual farce comedy, "The Dazzler" will have one bright particular attraction in the peerless queen of the footlights jolly and charming Kate Castleton, bonnie Kate as she is known throughout the length and breadth of the land, who heads the list of Cosgrove & Grant's comedians that will interpret the merry skit at the opera house, Tuesday, Oct. 27. Says an exchange: "In the role of Kitty Starlight, a mischievous and winsome actress who incognito creates sad havoc among a host of admirers, Miss Castleton has a role, that will fit her like a glove and is full of possibilities for the display of her talent and abilities as a burlesque artiste. Some one has said of her: 'Kate Castleton is the Theresa of the American stage. She has the refined nineteenth century art of her great French prototype of cloaking the suggestive with the demure, and she always conveys the impression of an untamed grisette in the robe of a sister of charity.' This is exemplified in her singing of her famous and original ballad, 'For goodness sake, etc.' Hundreds have sung the song, but no one ever sang it like Kate Castleton.

"The Dazzler" is not an untried play. It received the seal of approval at the hands of the public last season, and with the introduction of new music, songs, dances, specialties, etc., and a company par excellence, it will be even more attractive this season. Among the well known artists selected to surround Miss Castleton, may be mentioned the clever artiste Lena Merville, whose artistic and graceful dancing and singing easily place her in the front rank of singing soubrettes. The male contingent is headed by Joe Ott, a young fun-maker whose rapid progress in his profession is due to his original methods and spontaneous humor. He ranks with the best as an eccentric comedian."

Mr. Taylor's Installation.

The presbytery of Pueblo which has been in session at Aspen, has adjourned to meet in this city at the First Presbyterian church, at 6:15 p. m., Thursday, Oct. 29th, to assist at the installation of the Rev. Livingston L. Taylor as pastor of this church. The services will be exceedingly interesting and impressive. The Denver correspondent of "The Central W[illegible]," published at Omaha, says: "The Colorado Springs church is to be congratulated upon its Port Jervis capture. For more than a year, ever since the resignation of Dr. Black, it has been without a pastor, and though the need of one was fully realized, the church made it slowly. Now they are unanimous in [illegible] choice and [illegible] by the Master with [illegible] under whom the work will make [illegible] and splendid advancement. Mr. Taylor preached [illegible] July in the Central and the Thirty-third avenue churches of Denver, and [illegible] won for him [illegible] [illegible] place in their [illegible] and affection. We welcome our brother to the work of the Master in this part of the vineyard, where the opportunities for [illegible] talent are practically unlimited."

Funeral of Miss [illegible]

The funeral services of Miss Minnie Harris were held from the [illegible] house of Mrs. [illegible] yesterday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, and were attended by a large number of friends.

All who knew Miss Harris remember her as a most lovely girl in character and mind, and the grief of the mother and sister is perhaps [illegible] by the knowledge that she died as she had lived—happily, calmly, satisfied with the will of God, and without fear. The remains will be taken East and buried beside those of her father. W.

[illegible] Church Dedication.

The following is the programme arranged for the dedicatory exercises at the First Baptist church to-day at 11 a. m.:

Call to Worship..........
The Doxology..........
The [illegible]..........
The Lord's Prayer..........
[illegible]..........
Hymn..........
The Gloria..........
The Creed..........
The Scripture Lesson..........
[illegible]..........
A Prayer..........
Hymn—"[illegible] Thy Kingdom, Lord"..........
The [illegible]..........
R. S. MacArthur, D. D., pastor Calvary Baptist church, New York City.
The [illegible] Statement..........
The Prayer of Dedication..........
Rev. N. [illegible], of Denver
Hymn—"O Thou, Whose Vast [illegible]"..........
The Benediction..........

Nat Goodwin.

Nat C. Goodwin, the comedian played to a Colorado Springs audience last evening for the first time in seven years. It was a large audience that greeted the actor, and one of the warmest that ever assembled in the opera house, for Colorado Springs audiences are proverbially cold. There is only one Nat Goodwin and he is the strongest personality of any actor on the American stage. He possesses the faculty of taking the audience seemingly into his confidence and they laugh with him, not at him.

The entertainment began with a one-act comedy in which the star did not appear. It was an adaptation from the French entitled "Art and Nature," and gave Miss Mabel Amber an opportunity to exhibit wonderful versatility. The programme was altogether most pleasing.

The play of "The Nominee" is curiously conceived and well worked up, and in Goodwin's hands is exceedingly funny. Not much can be said as to its morality, and perhaps it is a very bad play because it is so charmingly wicked. Certainly the mere fact that a man is bored by life at his country villa does not excuse his plunging into every manner of vice, nor making light of the vice through narrow escapes in being found out. In the character of Jack Medford, a Democrat who is nominated and elected on a Republican ticket, while [illegible] a spree in New York, Mr Goodwin finds work fitted to his peculiar style of acting and does it with a vim. His audience was greatly delighted and insisted upon seeing its favorite time after time, following the dropping of the curtain. Jean Clara Walters, as the mother-in-law, scored the next greatest success of the evening, while W. H. [illegible] made a hit as Leopold Bunyon. Altogether the company [illegible] well selected and well rounded out.

Emigrants for the Pecos Valley.

While Mr. J. J. Hagerman was in Switzerland the past summer he arranged with the Swiss government for a large emigration of the people of that country to the Pecos valley. In Switzerland the government arranges all matters of emigration and carefully look after their people in foreign lands. When he arrived in Switzerland he found a considerable interest in the Pecos valley, which had been aroused through an agent [illegible] the emigrants named Gaullier, who had visited the valley and made a most favorable report. When they learned who Mr. Hagerman was and his connection with the Pecos valley irrigation schemes they waited upon him and soon arranged matters. The first party of emigrants sailed on October 17, in the steamer "Gascon," and numbered about seventy persons. They are a nice class of emigrants and are supplied with money, having purchased their land before starting. They are to be located at the first station on the Pecos Valley railroad below Eddy, and a Swiss settlement is to be created there. The town is to called "Vaud" as the emigrants are from the canton of Vaud.

Large numbers of others are to follow and the Pecos valley people are to be congratulated as the Swiss are probably the most desirable class of emigrants that reach our shores.

The Yacht Race.

It was a pretty sight to see the miniature yachts on Prospect lake yesterday afternoon with their sails set tacking against the wind and although the bettors on the schooner Surprise took profound sorrow from the [illegible] the owner of the Yankee Doodle, the fast sloop that carried off the cup, pronounced the races a great success.

There was quite a gathering on the shore of the lake to witness the contests between the two yachts, and considerable interest was [illegible]. The first race was won by the Surprise, but the Yankee Doodle [illegible] even with the schooner when it touched shore, and had it not been for an inlet at the [illegible] of its course would have been victorious. The four following races were all won by the Yankee Doodle. There was a strong wind during the first race, but it soon died down and when the last race [illegible] to end of the lake was in [illegible], there was hardly a breath of air perceptibly stirring.

Everybody who went to the lake yesterday afternoon enjoyed the races, and there seems to be no doubt that the races of the miniature yachts are becoming one of the [illegible] features of the lake.

A man giving his name as Smith was fined $3.00 and costs in the police court yesterday morning.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado, for the week ending Oct. 24, 1891:

GENTLEMEN.
(One cent due on each.)

Burkholder, C. H.	Johnson, Oliver
[illegible], Mathew	[illegible], Frank
[illegible], William	[illegible]
[illegible], J. C.	Lee, Dr. [illegible] A.
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible], Geo. C.	[illegible], J. B.
Barnard, J. E.	[illegible]
Bartlett, Augustus	Mills, William J.
Cunningham, Jacob	[illegible]
[illegible], John	[illegible]
Cuyler, Dr. A. Burt	[illegible]
[illegible], Rev. C. C.	[illegible], Oliver
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Fitch, Rev. C. N.	[illegible]
Flanagan, Oscar	Salvan, J. B.
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible], John	[illegible]
[illegible], Capt. Frank	[illegible]
Gallagher, John	[illegible]
Hall, D. H.	[illegible]
Hunt, Fred	Schuster, [illegible] H.
Hubbard, Willie	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible], Chas. F.
[illegible], Jacob	[illegible], Earnest
Hiatt, Paul R. (2)	Winn, M.
Hastings, Prof. E. E.	Wright, Fred
Holt, Frank	Wright, Chester
[illegible], G. A. (M. D.)	[illegible], Frank
[illegible], Master Fred	[illegible]
[illegible], J. A.	Wright, E. P.
Jones, J. T.	Wilson, Charles
Jamerson Bros.	

LADIES.
(One cent due on each.)

Albin, Mrs. J. C.	Jordan, Miss May
Alen, Mrs. Liddy	Kendall, Miss Mable
Barton, Mrs. Matilda	Lewis, Mrs. Mary
Buckley, Mrs. Charley	[illegible], Miss Sarah
[illegible], Mrs. Tillie	[illegible], Mrs. Jacob
[illegible], Mrs. L. A.	Mitchell, Mrs. Marvillie
Barnes, Mrs. Zeno	
Baker, Miss Kate	Morgan, Miss Mary J.
Baker, Miss J.	McCurdy, Mrs. D.
[illegible]	[illegible]
Buckner, Miss Fannie	Patterson, Mrs. S. J.
Boyle, Miss Marie O.	Porter, Miss Mill
Bile, Miss Esther	Phillips, Miss Gussie
[illegible], Miss Lillian (2)	[illegible]
Beard, Miss Mary	[illegible], Miss Ruth W.
Byers, Miss D.	Rice, Miss [illegible]
Bartlett, Miss Jane	[illegible]
Curtis, Mrs. C. H.	[illegible], Mrs. Valda
Clapin, Mrs. K. A.	[illegible], Mrs. D. S.
Curran, Miss Mabel (2)	Smith, Mrs. W. J.
Curtis, Miss Mary	[illegible], Mrs. Eva
[illegible], Miss Lizzie	[illegible], Miss Emma J.
Caldwell, Miss [illegible]	Trotter, Mrs. Carr
Carpenter, Miss Lottie	[illegible], Mrs. D. W.
Chapman, Miss Lulu	[illegible], Miss Laura
Daniels, Mrs. R.	Van Buskirk, Mrs. Minnie
Drennan, Mrs. Rosa	
Durfee, Mrs. F. E.	Van [illegible], Mrs.
Dicker, Mrs. O.	Wall, Dr. Mrs. E. J.
Dalbeau, Miss Nettie	[illegible], Mrs. Fannie
Erbst, Mrs.	Wat[illegible], Mrs. Fannie
English, Miss Kittie	Watts, Mrs. Betta
Fleming, Mary	Wilson, Mrs. R. O.
Ford, Mrs. Dot	Wright, Mrs. Mary S.
Gates, Mrs. A. S.	[illegible]
Hutchinson, Mrs. Maggie	Welch, Miss [illegible]
	[illegible], Miss Ella May
Hare, Mrs. J. D. (M. D.)	Yates, Mrs. Mary
[illegible], Mrs. Charles	Zeller, Mrs. Sue
Hoover, Clara	

PACKAGES.

Gibbs, L. L.	[illegible], D.
Winter, George	Lent, Miss Lena
Blank, J. T.	

FOREIGN.

Howard, Miss Helena	[illegible], Mrs. Peters
Sherwood, W.	[illegible], Abraham L.
Smillie, William	Wright, Alfred

DEAD LETTER.

Coulter, J. N.	Lent, Miss Florence

To obtain any of these letters, the applicant must call for "advertised letters," and give the date of this list. If not called for within two weeks they will be sent to the dead letter office.
M. W. [illegible], P. M.

The Alta Vista Sold.

The Alta Vista hotel has been sold by its former proprietor Mrs. H. H. Stevens to Mr. Edward [illegible] Kent of Portland, Me., who will take possession the first of November.

Mr. Kent has purchased the entire property and will conduct the hotel as a first-class establishment in the highest sense of the phrase. The new owner will attempt to make of the place a hotel where each boarder can have as near as possible the privacy of home life. He will also take great care to have an agreeable class of people as the patronizers of the house, and will go on the principle of high prices for a high class of service. He has secured the services of Mr. J. W. McLain and Mr. Mudge, the managers of the Ute Park hotel during last summer, the former taking the place of steward, and the latter that of clerk.

Mr. Kent comes to this city with the highest recommendations as a business man. He has been actively engaged in business in the east, and has met with considerable success in that part of the country. There is little doubt but that the Alta Vista will be conducted in the future in a way to suit the most fastidious tastes.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

THE ANTLERS.

J. A. Lewis and lady, Utica, N. Y.; M. M. Boddie, John T. Boddie, Chicago; John Raynor, South Park; Miss Lombard, New York; Henry Woodruff, Wm. Beech, N. C. Goodwin, Miss Amber and maid, New York; Samuel Pike, Chicago; H. S. Hutchins, St. Louis; L. Darling and wife, Ogden, Utah; D. M. Hess, Jr., Miss M. K. Hess, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hawkins, New York; E. K. Smith, Minneapolis; E. W. Schubert, G. E. Shurtleff, Denver; Guy W. Livingston, Chicago; Kent Chambers, Philadelphia; W. H. Devereaux, Glenwood Springs, Colo.

THE ALAMO.

J. C. Nicholson and wife, Newton, Kans.; A. T. Lawrence, N. L. Bruaker, Denver; J. Crain McDowell, Chicago; Jefferson Snyder and wife, Reading, Pa.; Rev. Robert Cameron and wife, Denver; John Sproule, Pueblo; E. M. Hathaway, Grinnell, Ia.; W. H. Borgman, John C. Rich, Louisville, Ky.; J. McCorkey, Denver; Burt Pottinger, Cripple Creek; H. C. Gill, Spinney; J. H. King, Denver; R. D. Milmer, Leadville; Chas. E. McNamara, Keokuk, Ia.; G. E. Seymour, Kansas City; Julius Anderson, Ironton, O.

A COLORADO GEM.

Is the Burlington Train No. 2, which leaves Denver at 8:00 p. m. every day in the year, arriving at Chicago at 8:00 a. m. St. Louis 7:00 a. m. [illegible] morning. This is a solid vestibule train with all modern improvements [illegible] the civilized world. Is composed of Pullman Palace [illegible] [illegible]. All [illegible] have a porter in attendance [illegible] to look after the [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible], St. Joe and St. Louis [illegible] [illegible] No. 1701 [illegible], Colo.

ADAM WAMPSON [illegible]

[illegible] the "WABASH" is [illegible] [illegible] for all points [illegible].
First—You can [illegible] through tickets for all [illegible] at any [illegible].
[illegible]
Via Chicago, the World's Fair City [illegible].
Via [illegible], Ohio's [illegible] inland city, [illegible] to the Fall.
Via Detroit, [illegible] beautiful city [illegible].
All of the above [illegible] direct by the "Wabash" [illegible].
[illegible] section but a [illegible] fact. Write [illegible] for information.
C. M. WAMPSON,
G. L. A. [illegible]
[illegible] 17th st., Denver, Colo.

DON'T READ THIS.

With [illegible] [illegible] Salt Lake City, [illegible] St. Louis via Denver.
[illegible] Round trip to [illegible]
[illegible]
The [illegible] is to [illegible] No. 16 North [illegible] street, [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Rock Island [illegible] Omaha, [illegible] City, St. Joe, [illegible] south and north [illegible] Colorado Springs [illegible] p. m.

NORTH OF [illegible]

Are [illegible] [illegible] Colorado [illegible] Colorado Springs, daily, in which [illegible] [illegible] at the city ticket [illegible] Opera House [illegible]

A DAY IN DENVER

In order to [illegible] the Santa Fe [illegible] the whole day in Denver [illegible]

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

Leave Chicago via the Santa Fe Route every Thursday evening at 7:30 and [illegible] every Friday morning at 11 [illegible] at La Junta every Saturday morning at 5:40. Parties from Colorado Springs [illegible] to join the [illegible] at 7:15 p. m. [illegible] Friday [illegible] at La Junta [illegible] at 2 [illegible] Saturday, making [illegible] at La Junta [illegible] [illegible] conducted by selected [illegible] who [illegible] direct the [illegible] to give [illegible] to the comfort of [illegible] children [illegible] 3:00 a. m. Saturday [illegible] at Los Angeles at 3:30 p. m. the following [illegible] at San Diego at 5:00 p. m. [illegible] San Francisco following [illegible] at 11:00 a. m. Inquire at city ticket office, Opera House block.

FOR ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,

And all [illegible] points. The [illegible] of the [illegible] Rock Island Route via C[illegible] is [illegible] felt want properly [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] the appliance and [illegible] cars at Denver and enjoy the very last train [illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] of this line. Call [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible]

PARLOR CARS.

Our [illegible] who have not tried the [illegible] be sure [illegible] Santa Fe train [illegible] [illegible]

CALIFORNIA.

[illegible]

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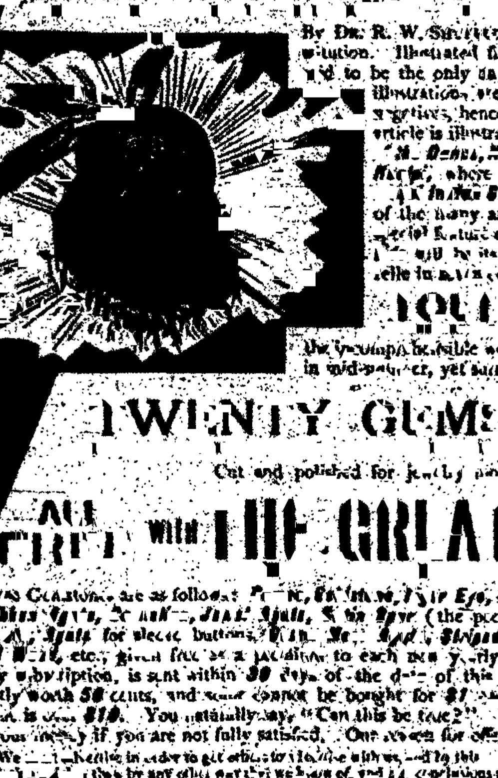

By Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, of the Smithsonian Institution. Illustrated from photographs which are said to be the only ones ever made. All of our illustrations are made direct from photo. negatives, hence are absolutely true. This article is illustrated showing *The Beginning of the Dance, [illegible] Live Rattle Snakes, [illegible]*, where the dance was held, and [illegible]. The above is but one of the many articles and illustrations, the special feature of the *OCTOBER GREAT DIVIDE* [illegible] will be its Art Supplement, an aquarelle in [illegible] colors, suitable for framing, of

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